

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

NO person for the last half century has stood so prominently before the American public as an educator, as the lady whose portrait adorns our page. Mrs. Willard was born in Berlin, Conn., February, 1787. Her father, Samuel Hart, was descended from the old Puritan stock of New England, and her mother traced back her ancestry to the venerable Hooker, who was the founder of the colony of Connecticut. Emma early exhibited great vigor of mind and energy of character, and at the age of sixteen made herself acceptable as the teacher of a district school. She

became enthusiastic in her work, and soon opened a private select school. When eighteen years old, she was invited to take charge of the academy in her native town. Meanwhile she was carrying on her own unfinished education with all the determination of a New England girl, spending the intervals between her summer and winter terms at a young ladies' school in Hartford.

Although still in her teens, the success with which she conducted the academy in Berlin attracted much notice, and procured her many pressing invitations to take charge of similar

institutions in other states. She selected that from Westfield, Mass., and removed thither in 1807. Soon after, yielding to a still more urgent invitation to Middlebury, Vt., she located herself there in charge of a female academy. Her labors were signally prospered, and gave a great impulse to education in that region.

In 1809 Miss Hart was withdrawn from her favorite employment by her marriage with Dr. John Willard, a prominent political leader in Vermont. After a few years, she was persuaded by friends who were unwilling to see her peculiar qualifications as a teacher unemployed, to resume her school at Middlebury, although upon a modified and enlarged plan.

During the leisure of her retirement, she had taken a comprehensive survey of female education as it then existed in this country. She lamented that its claims were so little appreciated by gentlemen of refinement and culture. She saw that while the public were ready to subscribe liberally for the endowment of colleges, they entrusted the training of their daughters to schools local and temporary in their design, and very imperfect in their facilities. Earnestly desiring to see the education of her sex placed upon a higher and more permanent basis, she determined to initiate the movement by establishing an institution of an elevated order, under her own management.

Before entering upon her work, Mrs. Willard prepared herself for it by a course of study, adding to her already superior acquirements, branches with which she was not familiar. She remained at Middlebury five years. Her labors during this period were intermitted. She invented new methods of instruction, and infused the greatest enthusiasm into her pupils. She also took measures for bringing her plans before the public by a printed address. A copy of this falling into the hands of enlightened citizens of Waterford, N. Y., they invited her to remove her institution

to that place. Governor Dewitt Clinton warmly approved her efforts, and noticed them in his annual message. In consequence, an act was passed incorporating a seminary at Waterford, of which Mrs. Willard was invited to take charge. She removed thither in 1819. She enlarged her course of study, and added the higher mathematics, then regarded a most unnecessary and unfeminine accomplishment. Two years after, it was deemed advisable, in consideration of the liberal offers made by the enterprising citizens of Troy, to locate the school permanently in that place. The Troy Female Seminary was now an established institution. Under the wise and efficient conduct of its accomplished founder, it became the leading female seminary in the country, and inaugurated a new era in education.

Mrs. Willard was bereaved of her husband by death in 1825. In 1830 she found her health so much impaired by uninterrupted labor as to require a long rest. She accordingly spent the following winter in Paris, and traveled the next summer in Great Britain. After her return, she published her European observations in a pleasant volume, and gave its proceeds, twelve hundred dollars, to the cause of female education in Greece. This enterprise largely interested her sympathies. She contributed liberally, both means and influence, toward the support of a normal school at Athens, for the education of native teachers, and had the pleasure of witnessing its entire success.

Mrs. Willard relinquished her connection with the Troy Seminary in 1838, and took up her residence in Hartford. Her subsequent life has been one of continued activity. Her published works are numerous and excellent. In historical studies she is well versed, and her various compilations of history for schools enjoy a wide reputation. She has invented two very original and ingenious chronological charts to accompany her favorite study. The most learned and

elaborate of all her compositions, is a "Treatise on the Motive Powers." This is a remarkable work to proceed from a woman, and was very respectfully noticed by European physiologists. In it she takes a comprehensive survey of the various theories which have been propounded respecting the circulation of the blood, and then offers her own hypothesis, viz., that the great motive power of the animal system is "respiration, operated by animal heat."

Mrs. Willard has also a taste for the lighter recreations of literature, as is shown in a little volume of poems, published in 1830; and, had she so chosen, might have cultivated the muses with considerable success.

A work designed for the instruction of the young has just been added to her published works, showing that at her advanced age she still retains the vigor of her faculties, and the enthusiasm of her youth.

PONCE-DE-LEON.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

A NEW world had burst upon the old. Like the birth of some day-dream immortalized in song, and anon clad in the legendary robes of fable, its announcement met the ear with a strange, fascinating power. A new world! a boundless expanse open for the self-consuming, half-suppressed activity of the old.

Columbus was about to embark on his second voyage: excitement and hope prevailed throughout the Spanish domain, till the little stream became a sweeping river, and all the valor and enterprise of daring hearts were made its tributaries. To some domestic circles it was as though the Upas had sprung up in their midst; and to others, the sure realization of the alchemist's golden dreams.

Among the many lured from home and happiness was Ponce-de-Leon, the fairest flower of Spanish chivalry: kingly honors were his heritage, and

wide-spreading lands his dower: hence, the future held out a dazzling prospect to the youth. But the adventurous De-Leon chose to win for himself a name, rather than receive the favors attendant upon royal blood.

Plaintive sounds were borne on the night air, and the cool breezes straying through groves of orange and lime, fanned the pale brow of a beautiful woman.

"Go not, De-Leon, to seek this new world. The way is pathless and unknown: why then risk life and happiness in the pursuit of a vain hope?"

"Say not so, Esta: has not Columbus marked out the way, and assured us of its unbounded wealth?"

"I fear you will be lonely—if I could attend you, to brighten the long hours, and soothe the dull, heavy pain with which these temples so often throb, it would be better far."

"There will be noble and true men by my side to dispel doubt, or silence fear, if my purpose should ever falter; though, Esta, I shall sadly miss the light of those eyes, and sigh for the touch of this lily hand; but let us look out as to-night, you from yon gilded dome, and I from my ocean bark, remembering that like the stars our love can never fade. Why are you bowed with such sorrow, Esta? Raise your head, my loved one; the memory of this hour will embitter half my future years. It is for you, dear Esta, that I live and labor; and, as I tread the shores of that western world, and achieve honors and wealth greater than Spain has ever dreamed of, thoughts of my cherished bride across the sea shall be my strongest incentive, and at her feet shall every offering be laid."

The mournful voice of the weeper broke the silence: "Has not the Castilian crown gold, and to spare? Our good queen, Isabella, will say 'nay' to this project, I trust, when it shall reach her ear."

"Come, Esta: the lights in the palace are growing dim—let us return, and do not weep any more to-night,

love! May the holy mother watch over our separated paths, and grant that under happy auspices they may be again united."

Days followed of feasting and mirth, but underneath there was a converse current bearing on its waters buds and blossoms of happiness, aye, even all the greenness and beauty of life. In the hours of night white arms tossed in unquiet slumbers, and fancy portrayed in dreams its vivid forebodings of the future.

The adventurers had set sail, and amid grandeur and sublimity, with songs of merriment, and the wild, passionate tale of enthusiasm, their time was passed, robbed of its weariness. But De-Leon's mind was often led by a gentle monitor, to the heart-breaking sorrow of his mother, and wife. Esta sought comfort and diversion from the luxuriant surroundings about her, but the fragrant groves, the sparkling fountains, and gardens that yielded a thousand perfumes, had each their memories, and she sought in vain; her life-light was afar, and she seemed to move in some dim masquerade, or banquet hall, whose withered garlands spake only of the past. At eventide, as she walked upon the banks of the Tagus, its glittering waters caught her tears and bore them to the distant sea.

Across the deep, upon the shores of the new world, foreign footsteps are again implanted. De-Leon has succeeded in establishing Spanish power in the island of Port Rico. A report among the natives arouses all the energies of his nature, and he is next seen in his fruitless search for the "Fountain of Youth." Sanguine in the marvelous thought, that among the Atlantic Islands was a fountain of such virtue, that whoever bathed in its waters was endowed with immortal youth, he labored months for its discovery. Undue excitement and constant exposure hastened the ills for which he had hoped to find a remedy, and a premature old age settled upon him.

Great efforts are seldom fruitless: De-Leon's search resulted in the discovery of Florida, whose forests, intermingled with flowering shrubs, gave it an enchanting prospect. Exhausted by visionary hopes and vain endeavors, he determined to make the most of this reality. Obtaining authority from the king to lead an expedition into Florida, he was engaged in the equipment of a fleet; but his constitution, broken and impaired, sank under the incident fatigue, before he left the shore of Cuba. Disease fastened upon him, and the hopes of the dreamer were laid low.

Behold the Chieftan now! By his side lies a helmet, with shattered plumes, and a blood-besprinkled armor, which will henceforth shield the dead and not the living. Rough warriors are about him with offices of love, and memory is his faithful guest. The visions that now haunt him are not of the future, but of the past; not of the new world, and its cheating brilliancy, but of the old, and its remembered joys — of the beautiful and the true, the loving and the loved. His mother's form passes before him, and he notices upon her brow the impress of night-wakings, of grief and tears. His dark-eyed Esta yet waited for his coming, though the light of her eye was fading, and eager hope went out, and returned with drooping wing.

He speaks! his faithful confidant Hernando is by his side. "Hernando," whispers the dying knight, "bury me not on the island shore, but gird on my armor; bind the helmet upon my brow, and buckle the good sword to my side; then shroud me in the folds of my ancestral banner, that has so often waved over my followers as I led them on to battle in the valleys of Leon, and bury me in the sea. Should you ever return to Spain, remember all the messages I have given you; — take not this miniature from my bosom, but leave it — in its long accustomed place; — tell them —" his voice faltered, he gasped, and with the words, "Mother — Esta"

trembling on his lips, the spirit link was severed.

Within the walls of Leon is a gorgeous tomb, where rests the noble ancestry of the race. There lies the broken-hearted Esta, and the sculptured marble by her side tells the fate of him who sleeps beneath the restless depths of the ocean.

March, 1857.

MEMORIES.

BY JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

I.

FAR away from the busy street,
Where heavy hearts and weary feet
Glide along with the noisy throng,
From twinkling eve to early dawn —
Is a cottage old yet dear to me,
As with memory's eye its form I see.

II.

The trees before it, soft and low,
Rustle gently; whisper slow
As they did in days of yore,
When I played before its door —
When my heart was young and light,
And the future seemed so bright.

III

Years have passed since that glad time,
And back from many a storied clime
The wanderer comes, to see the spot —
The only place he ne'er forgot:
To see the brook, and see the fen,
To see the meadow, and the glen,
To see the sun rise o'er the hill,
And sparkle on the bubbling rill —
As when a child he passed the door,
It threw his shadows on the floor.

IV.

Ah! as he looks on every sprig,
Each leafy bower and crispy twig,
His thoughts go back to years gone by —
To her who dwells in yonder sky;
And facts and faces, thoughts and scenes,
Crowd up before his mind like dreams.
And as the breeze comes whispering by,
And murmurs 'mongst the leaves a sigh,
A tear will struggle down his cheek,
And mem'ry's voice will seem to speak,
And tell of brighter hours now flown —
Of warmer hearts from this world gone.

V.

Yes, cottage old, thou'rt dear to me,
Though time *has* left his trace on thee:
Though faces, forms, and scenes so fair
Have vanished, like the viewless air,
And left me but their memory bright,
And this fair cot to teach their might.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28, 1857.

STREET DRESS.

IT is much to be desired that the young ladies of our country would dress with more plainness and simplicity in the street and at the church. A Frenchman who had just arrived in one of our large cities, the first morning after his landing walked through the favorite street for promenading. On returning to his hotel he inquired of a lady:

"Madam, where is the ball this morning?"

"The ball! what ball?"

"I do n't know what ball; but you Americans have one very strange custom — the ladies all go to the ball before dinner; some ride, more walk, all dressed for the ball; ha! ha! ha! republican vulgarity."

In no other civilized country do reputable women walk or ride out in full dress. In Europe ladies do not go to church to display their finery; they have other public places where their vanity may be gratified. Almost the only arena for display in many places in this country, unfortunately, is the holy sanctuary, the place for humiliation and self-abasement. Gay as a parterre of tulips and hyacinths at one season, and waving with plumes like a regiment of soldiers at another. Is this a Christian assembly met to worship God? Not that such an assembly should be clothed in sackcloth, or any other peculiar and homely garb; but surely a simple and unostentatious style of dress would be far more appropriate.

On a journey a plain dress is most becoming. We form an opinion of *strangers* from their appearance; it is the only index. When a young lady carries her light silks, her embroidery and jewelry, upon her person in stage-coach, car, and steamboat, through the length and breadth of the land, we conclude that they are her only letter of recommendation, and there *may* be those to whom it is sufficient. — Mrs. Tuthill.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

"HOW finely she looks!" said Margaret Winne, as a lady swept by them in the crowd; "I do not see that time wears upon her beauty at all."

"What, Bell Walters!" exclaimed her companion. "Are you one of those who think her such a beauty?"

"I think her a very fine-looking woman, certainly," returned Mrs. Winne; "and, what is more, I think her a very fine woman."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, "I thought you were not friends."

"No!" replied the first speaker; "but that does not make us enemies."

"But I tell you she positively dislikes you, Margaret," said Mrs. Hall. "It is only a few days since I knew of her saying that you were a bold, impudent woman, and she did not like you at all."

"That is bad," said Margaret, with a smile, "for I must confess that I like her."

"Well," said her companion, "I am sure I could never like any one who made such unkind speeches about me."

"I presume she said no more than she thought," said Margaret, quietly.

"Well, so much the worse," exclaimed Mrs. Hall, in surprise. "I hope you do not think that excuses the matter at all."

"Certainly, I do. I presume she has some reason for thinking as she does: and, if so, it was very natural she should express her opinion."

"Well, you are very cool and candid about it, I must say. What reason have you given her, pray, for thinking you were bold and impudent?"

"None that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Winne; "but I presume she thinks I have. I always claim her acquaintance when we meet, and I have no doubt she would much rather I would let it drop."

"Why don't you, then? I never

knew her, and never had any desire for her acquaintance. She was no better than you when you were girls, and I don't think her present good fortune need make her so very scornful."

"I do not think she exhibits any more haughtiness than most people would under the same circumstances. Some would have dropped the acquaintance at once, without waiting for me to do it. Her social position is higher than mine, and it annoys her to have me meet her as an equal, just as I used to do."

"You do it to annoy her, then?"

"Not by any means. I would much rather she would feel, as I do, that the difference between us is merely conventional, and might bear to be forgotten on the few occasions when accident throws us together. But she does not, and I presume it is natural. I do not know how my head might be turned, if I had climbed up in the world as rapidly as she has done. As it is, however, I admire her too much to drop her acquaintance just yet, as long as she leaves it to me."

"Really, Margaret, I should have supposed you had too much spirit to intrude yourself upon a person that you knew wished to shake you off; and I do not see how you can admire one that you know to be so proud."

"I do not admire her on account of her pride, certainly, though it is a quality that sits very gracefully upon her," said Margaret Winne; and she introduced another topic of conversation, for she did not hope to make her companion understand the motives that influenced her.

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"Bold and impudent," said Margaret to herself, as she sat alone in her own apartment. "I knew she thought it, for I have seen it in her looks; but she always treats me well externally, and I hardly thought she would say it. I know she was vexed with herself for speaking to me one day, when she was in the midst of a circle of her fashionable acquaintances. I was particularly ill-dressed, and I noticed that they

stared at me; but I had no intention then of throwing myself in her way. Well," she continued, musingly, "I am not to be foiled with one rebuff. I know her better than she knows me, for the busy world has canvassed her life, while they have never meddled with my own, and I think there are points of contact enough between us for us to understand each other, if we once found an opportunity.

"She stands in a position which I shall never occupy, and she has more power and strength than I; else she had never stood where she does, for she has shaped her fortune by her own unaided will. Her face was not her fortune, as most people suppose, but her mind. She has accomplished whatever she has undertaken, and she can accomplish much more, for her resources are far from being developed. Those around her may remember, yet, that she was not always on a footing with them; but they will not do so long. She will be their leader, for she was born to rule. Yes; and she queens it most proudly among them. It were a pity to lose sight of her stately, graceful dignity. I regard her very much as I would some beautiful exotic, and her opinion of me affects me about as much as if she were the flower, and not the mortal.

"And yet I can never see her without wishing that the influence she exerts might be turned into a better channel. She has much of good about her, and I think that it needs but a few hints to make life and its responsibilities appear to her as they do to me. I have a message for her ear, but she must not know that it was intended for her. She has too much pride of place to receive it from me, and too much self-confidence to listen knowingly to the suggestions of any other mind than her own. Therefore, I will seek the society of Isabel Walters whenever I can, without appearing intrusive, until she thinks me worthy her notice, or drops me altogether. My talent lies in thinking, but she has all the life and energy I lack, and

would make an excellent actor to my thought, and would need no mentor when her attention was once aroused. My usefulness must lie in an humble sphere, but hers, she can carry it wherever she will. It will be enough for my single life to accomplish, if, beyond the careful training of my own family, I can incite her to a development of her powers of usefulness. People will listen to her who will pay no attention to me; and, besides, she has the time and means to spare, which I have not."

* * * * *

"Everywhere in Europe they were talking of you, Mrs. Walters," said a lady, who had spent many years abroad, "and adopting your plans for vagrant and industrial schools, and for the management of hospitals and asylums. I have seen your name in the memorials laid before government in various foreign countries. You have certainly achieved a world-wide reputation. Do tell me how your attention came first to be turned to that sort of thing. I supposed you were one of our fashionable women, who sought simply to know how much care and responsibility they could lawfully avoid, and how high a social station it was possible to attain. I am sure something must have happened to turn your life into so different a channel."

"Nothing in particular, I assure you," replied Mrs. Walters. "I came gradually to perceive the necessity there was that some one should take personal and decisive action in those things that it was so customary to neglect. Fond as men are of money, it was far easier to reach their purses than their minds. Our public charities were quite well endowed, but no one gave them that attention that they needed, and thus evils had crept in that were of the highest importance. My attention was attracted to it in my own vicinity, at first, and others saw it as well as I, but it was so much of everybody's business, that everybody let it alone. I followed the example for a

while, but it seemed as much my duty to act as that of any other person; and though it is little I have done, I think that, in that little, I have filled the place designed for me by Providence."

"Well, really, Mrs. Walters, you were one of the last persons I should have imagined to be nicely balancing a point of duty, or searching out the place designed for them by Providence. I must confess myself at fault in my judgment of character for once."

"Indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Walters, "I have no doubt you judged me very correctly at the time you knew me. My first ideas of the duties and responsibilities of life were aroused by Margaret Winne; and I recollect that my intimacy with her commenced after you left the country."

"Margaret Winne! Who was she? Not the wife of that little Dr. Winne we used to hear of occasionally? They attended the same church with us, I believe."

"Yes! she was the one. We grew up together, and were familiar with each other's faces from childhood; but this was about all. She was always in humble circumstances, as I had myself been in early life; and, after my marriage, I used positively to dislike her, and to dread meeting her, for she was the only one of my former acquaintances who met me on the same terms as she had always done. I thought she wished to remind me that we were once equals in station; but I learned, when I came to know her well, how far she was above so mean a thought. I hardly know how I came first to appreciate her, but we were occasionally thrown in contact, and her sentiments were so beautiful, so much above the common stamp, that I could not fail to be attracted by her. She was a noble woman. The world knows few like her. So modest and retiring, with an earnest desire to do all the good in the world of which she was capable, but with no ambition to shine. Well fit-

ted as she was to be an ornament in any station of society, she seemed perfectly content to be the idol of her own family, and known to few besides. There were few subjects on which she had not thought, and her clear perceptions went at once to the bottom of a subject, so that she solved simply many a question on which astute philosophers had found themselves at fault. I came at last to regard her opinion almost as an oracle. I have often thought, since her death, that it was her object to turn my life into that channel to which it has since been devoted, but I do not know. I had never thought of the work that has since occupied me, at the time of her death, but I can see now how cautiously and gradually she led me among the poor, and taught me to sympathize with their sufferings, and gave me, little by little, a clue to the evils that had sprung up in the management of our public charities. She was called from her family in the prime of life, but they who come after her do assuredly rise up and call her blessed. She has left a fine family, who will not soon forget the instructions of their mother."

"Ah, yes! there it is, Mrs. Walters. A woman's sphere, after all, is at home. One may do a great deal of good in public, no doubt, as you have done. But don't you think that, while you have devoted yourself so untiringly to other affairs, you have been obliged to neglect your own family, in order to gain time for this? One can not live two lives at once, you know."

"No, madam, certainly we can not live two lives at once, but we can glean a much larger harvest from the one which is bestowed upon us than we are accustomed to think. I do not, by any means, think that I have ever neglected my own family in the performance of other duties, and I trust my children are proving, by their hearty co-operation with me, that I am not mistaken. Our first duty, certainly, is at home, and I

determined, at the outset, that nothing should call me from the performance of this first charge. I do not think any thing can excuse a mother from devoting a large portion of her life in personal attention to the children God has given her. But I can assure you that to those things which I have done of which the world could take cognizance, I have given far less time than I used once to devote to dress and amusement. I found, by systematizing every thing, that my time was more than doubled; and, certainly, I was far better fitted to attend properly to my own family, when my eyes were opened to the responsibilities of life, than when my thoughts were wholly occupied by fashion and display."

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

PARENTS, if you wish to prevent your children from falling into practices and associations which lead to loss of health and morals, and to a premature grave, make home happy. The love of home, as a part of parental teaching, forms the subject of an article in the *Presbyterian Magazine*; and, we trust, that all who read it will give it adequate consideration. It is not enough that our children have abundant food and clothing, and comfortable lodging. There is a monotony about these things which soon tires; the very absence of such comforts is an agreeable relief at any time if away from home. It is a common remark, that a child eats almost as much as a grown person, and nothing will satisfy a hungry child. It is strikingly so with the mind; it must have food to feed it; that food is variety — the variety of the new, the unknown; that is what delights children of all ages; and to gratify that delight, by presenting to their attention, with moderate rapidity of succession, what is substantial, valuable, practical, is one of the most important of all parental occupations. And pa-

rents should feel themselves constantly stimulated to efforts of this kind, by the consideration, that if they do not hold these things up to their attention, their reverses will be presented to them in endless combinations, by the lower associations of the street and of the kitchen.

The three necessities of children are food, exercise, amusement. They will eat, they will move about, they will be entertained. The feeding of the mind is as essential as the feeding of the body, and not half a parent's duty is done in securing house, and food, and raiment. So far from appreciating this mental necessity, we are too apt to thwart their own instinctive efforts to satisfy it, by our short and listless, if not, indeed, impatient and angry answers to their multitudinous inquiries. Under such treatment, they soon learn the uselessness of seeking information from their parents, and gradually seek it elsewhere, with its large admixture of incorrectness, imperfectness, and, too often, viciousness.

In our opinion, neither sons nor daughters should be allowed to sleep away from home, unless their parents are with them. We sincerely hope that such a blessing may be secured to ours, until the day of marriage. It is a true mother's love which seeks to keep her daughter in sight until superior claims come; it would save many a family from social ruin, and many a parent's heart from breaking. As for our sons, it should be impressed upon them that no business is to require their attention and to keep them out of the house after sundown, unless the parent is along, as long in their teens as it is possible to secure obedience to such a requisition. And to make such obedience pleasurable, let it be the parents' study to render home inviting, by the cultivation of all that is courteous and kindly, and by the large and habitual exercise of the better qualities of our nature, especially those of sympathy, and love, and affection.

To all parents we say — keep your

children at home as much, and to gether, as long as it is at all possible for you to do it. No better plan can be devised for enabling a household to grow up loving and being loved, in all its members.

DIMPLE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Go, child!
Fulfill thy fate! Be — do — bear — and thank
God!"

"No simplest duty is forgot; life hath no dim and
lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

I DO not see very clearly when I think of Dimple. Even my glasses, which are usually very clear, grow dim and musty, and through the happiness before me, I see the dear child as we found her one summer morning on the little veranda before the cottage door, sleeping, and smiling back at the sunshine that coquetted with her baby lips, through the dancing leaves of the rose vine. How eagerly we grasped her, and hurried into the little old parlor, lest some early passer-by should covet or claim the baby foundling. Many winters had come and gone, and many summers had faded away with its blossoms, since James Middleton and I knelt before the altar; but God had sent us no little ones to gladden our hearts, or sing beside our hearthstone.

We had longed for the music of a childish voice, but it came not. There were those who, poor in the wealth of this world, would have given us one of their own, to love and bless us; but our selfish hearts feared lest we should share with the real parents the affection we wished to possess wholly and entirely. And so the years passed on, and we were "written childless."

But this morning of which I write, this blessed morning, it came. How wonderfully beautiful were its little blue eyes, and its tiny doubled hands which grasped so closely its rosy finger-tips. Its little chubby feet cuddled up in its fine warm blanket, were the

astonishment of James Middleton. He who pored over his books, and kept his heart locked away from the warming smiles and winning ways of little visitors who came to the cottage, was down on his knees, with those two little feet in his great wrinkled hands, and smiling, and cooing at the new baby as if it were God-sent, and was henceforth to nestle in our lonely hearts. I who had been proud of his dignified manliness, his unbending demeanor, found the tears, gathered by a warmer feeling than pride, were dimming his eyes as my glasses do my own this morning, as I looked upon him. "It is ours, Mary," he said softly, "ours." And he ran his fingers loosingly through the rings of yellow hair upon its forehead, and kissed its fair round cheek in perfect delight.

Our thoughts went out into the dim future, and the possibility that some one might in after years claim the darling, rose like a ghost to frighten us out of our newly found happiness. It was not poverty which gave us the child, for its wrappings were beautiful and costly. Nothing but crime; and our hearts shuddered as we thought it could have prompted its desertion. God forgive them! Should the child grow to womanhood, its birth would darken all the future. It must not be known, never. And so hurrying up into the farthest chamber in the house, we hid the precious guest until we could decide what we should do.

Middleton sat alone by the breakfast table that morning, while I watched the babe, and then he, in turn, held the sweet creature, while I went through a formula of eating. Our only servant was sent to town that morning with innumerable errands, and in her absence I secured her another situation, with an astonished neighbor, who was told to her very great amazement that the quiet family of James Middleton were going to live in the new world over the ocean. The cottage was left with an agent, and in two weeks, with the assistance of a cousin,

who came up from London in the night, and played mother to the babe, while we prepared for our departure. We had looked through our tears upon our old friends for the last time. Neither had near kindred with which to part, and our very loneliness in the world had drawn us closer to each other, and better prepared to love the sweet creature which lay in the sunshine that morning.

It was several months old when it came to us, and could look its wants, and love out of its round blue eyes, and laugh—and such a merry, musical laugh it was too; while about its mouth, and cheeks, and chin, the dimples gathered and vanished, chasing each other, as you sometimes see the sunbeams follow after the swiftly flying shadows on the waving grain-fields. And so she was called Dimple. We never gave her another name, and never added our own, for we should then bring to mind the painful remembrance that she was not born to us. If the few friends we should make in our new home, gave her ours, let it be so. The waves danced and frolicked day after day, and the stars looked down smilingly night after night, while the moon laughed and gamboled with the crested waves, and silvered the curling ripples of the restless waters. The wind from our native land, the beloved home of our childhood, followed us lovingly week after week, and filling the snow-white sails of our flying "Sea Bird," and kissing and tinting the cheeks of our little Dimple, and tossing about her yellow rings of hair, as if it were a human thing, and wandered off from the green islands as a sentinel of safety till the darlings should reach the strange land whither we were journeying.

We had a few distant relatives who had listened to the golden legends of wealth, which fly in the wind-whispers from the new to the old world, and had gone before, and were overjoyed to welcome us. What was their wonder at seeing the child. Such a glorious creature she was, to be sure. Not

a bit like its parents, they all said, which was stoutly denied by Mr. Middleton, who asserted that its eyes were of Mary's beautiful blue, and her mouth dimpled that same way when she was a girl. And so the dear man had his own way about it. We were not content, lest our secret should follow us even here, and so we traveled on, and on, over sea-like lakes, and proudly rolling rivers, till the world about us looked like a blossoming ocean, tinted like a fallen rainbow, with the beauties of earth, sky, and water, heaving and waving in its marvelous loneliness. Every flower cup swung its perfumed censor to the breeze, and looked up to the watchful stars in the night-time, for their food of love-dew, and to the sunshine in the morning for their life-nectar. Fainting in their excess of joy, they dropped softly down, and slept at mid-day. Amid scenes like this, was it wonderful that Dimple grew as lovely as the silent life about her. Souls *will* take an impress from their surroundings, train and guide them as you will. She became like the flowers, beautiful and pure. She knew where the brook murmured its sweetest babble, where the birds hid their nests, where the buds opened first to the welcome of the spring-time, but better than all else, she knew the most secret entrance to the heart of James Middleton. Of my own it is unnecessary to write, for what true woman ever had it closed to the tapping of childish love.

All the accumulated learning of her foster father, whose years had been spent amid the silent teachings of his library, among the embalmed thoughts of the immortal, was poured into the expanding mind of his darling. On she strode in the dim histories of the wonderful past, grasped the science of uncountable numbers, and dallied with conquered demonstrations of geometrical figures, with a remarkable aptitude—and yet, my glasses grow dimmer as I write it—she was none the less a sweet, confiding girl. Generous, brave, and noble she was, yet

the minutest details of those little things which make up the sum of home enjoyments, never escaped her notice, nor seemed beneath her strictest care.

One of the popular lecturers of the day has said that he would not press a right-angled triangle to his bosom, nor yet a volume of Aristotle, evidently thinking in his mighty wisdom that hereafter his opinion would shut out from our institutions mathematics in all its forms. It may be well, for I have lived, and James Middleton has loved me without such knowledge; but I sometimes envied Dimple the whole and hearty companionship of such a man who used to turn for amusement in his idle hours to his friendly books, but now she takes their place. I think he sometimes sees my dejection when I find I am incapable of understanding his ideas, and once he said, with his dear hand laid on my gray hair, "Mary, you have been a gentle, faithful, loving wife, and it is not your fault that we are not more companionable. I would not pain you by raising Dimple's intellect above your own, were it not to save her from the very tears which lie in your eyes now, my blessing. Am I right, Mary?"

"Always right, James, always right. God bless you!" I replied; and since then I have been hopeful for the precious child, and sun my old heart in her light, and in her happiness.

Time sped on, and a beautiful village had reared itself about us, and the church spires pointed their steady fingers upward, from the deep green shades of the oaks, and mosses, which in their olden stateliness reminded us of the forests, whose swaying branches waved as the only welcome we received in our new home. Warm, earnest hearts had thrown out their tendrils of friendship, and though we repelled them with a frigid reserve, they thawed our coldness, and grew to be a part of ourselves.

How Dimple found room in her little heart for so many strangers, and how the children of the pilgrim people

of this curious new country found their way into it, was, and is a mystery. Strange people came to look at the remarkable beauty of nature which surrounded us. They wondered at the prairie, which seemed to end where the sky rested the base of its arch among the undulating grasses. And more than all, they gave their admiration to the forest, which ended upon the borders of the "blossomed sea," by the new village. The spring seemed with its pale green, and white and red, the gala dress of the year; then the summer came, and the leafy mantle took its soberer hue of dark green, as if it were not in keeping with the midday of its existence to wear the drapings of the spring time. But the autumn, the dreamy, hazy, gorgeously-robed autumn, was superlatively beautiful. I looked upon James Middleton with his perfect figure, his curling locks silvering in the wane of years, and thought that he was like the forest,

"More beautiful for growing old."

And then Dimple, she was like the spring when it is verging into summer, like — oh, I can not tell you what she was like, for I am an unlettered woman, and draw my comparisons from all I see about me, and nothing is so lovely to me as this sweet child, which came to sleep in the sunshine that morning, and to warm and beautify our lonely home. Did a mother ever measure the extent of the blessing a child brought to the heart and hearth? Nay; except she saw it sleeping amid the moss and flowers of the churchyard, with naught of their presence to bless, save memories, tolling, tolling, tolling forever of the past, and hope pluming its wings for the Pearly Gates, where the truant blessing entered.

Dimple had seen twenty years since that morning in merry England, when the shadows came down heavily upon us. The winter had been long and cold, the summer hot and dry. The rain, the dripping, sparkling rain, fell not for many long weary months, and

the withered trees scarcely unrolled their leafy lungs to the burning, fetid air. Fevers, blistering, merciless fevers, rolled, and seethed and hissed through the veins of the suffering villagers. The pale watchers contrasted fearfully with the crimsoned fever-stricken. We never thought of ourselves, only that Dimple might be alone, or that she might die.

As the epidemic spread itself from hearthstone to hearthstone, the watchers became less and less, and our child, who had kept herself from the contagion by the imperative command of her father, grew more and more restless under the mandate. One morning she came and knelt to her father, and implored him to let her go forth, and soothe the suffering, and care for the friendless, but the whole, unboundless love he bore the child took the wild shape of fear, and answered, "No, Dimple, no!"

The child rose to her feet, and stood with folded arms, and a sorrowful but unconquerable determination upon her face, said, "If I must disobey you, remember it is because my heart tells me there is no alternative." Then pointing her white hand upward, and following it with her eyes, added, "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Her father had long watched the smoldering fearlessness in her character, and now that it had blazed out, he reached up his arms, and took her to his bosom, and with white quivering lips, said, "Naught but death shall part us all;" and so we unbound the selfish coil about us, and went forth wherever the wail of suffering called. The skies had seemed like brass, and the earth — the beautiful prairie, like an interminable sheet of lead. Water, water, was the burden of every tale of woe, and none nearer than two long miles, and there only a sufficiency for man, while the few famishing beasts still remaining, were panting in suffering uselessness. Dimple's lithe limbs bore her over the forest path night and morning, with her burden of the

crystal treasure, and spent the noon-tide in preparing food, which far-off benevolence had sent to our empty storehouses. James Middleton and I went from house to house, cooling the lips of the thirsty, and closing the eyes of those whom the Death angel had called to rest beside the River of Life.

One other, the young pastor, braved the pestilence, and triumphed over the promptings of his desire to flee to his far-off paternal home, at the appeal of anxious affection. In the night, when nature called loudest for rest, he was abroad, and his soothing voice and earnest hopeful prayers encouraged the desponding, and calmed the last moments of the dying. During the long, sultry days, he gathered strength for the approaching night. Wherever he went he heard blessings called down on the head of Dimple Middleton, and silently the young pastor's heart responded — amen! Perhaps this proof of womanly nature in Dimple may have encouraged him to be firm in his resolves to remain at his post of duty.

He had seen and loved her for two years, but, alas, for the prejudices of a lifetime, he could not marry a learned woman — one who had been taught none of the "*accomplishments*" peculiar to this generation of girls. She knew Greek, Latin, and even Hebrew, but could not paint in either water colors, or oil; could not play (*vex*) the piano forte, or chatter bad French. She could survey a quarter section, but could not embroider a smoking cap. These were to him unpardonable blemishes in her character. Not so much did he regret what she did not know as what she did. No one could ever feel more sensibly, or sensitively her deficiencies than I, but how could she learn them in this far-away place? I could not teach what I did not know, neither could her poor father.

William Granger and his brothers had been sent to Yale, and his sisters to the dancing master. He had taken in his father's peculiar notions, and

when he had seen Dimple with her little straw hat romping with the village children, or trimming the flowers in the garden at home, he felt that she was a true woman, despite the mathematics and Hebrew, but in his own library his father's old warning, "Beware of learned women, my son," dispelled the charming vision of a parsonage with Dimple Middleton to make it beautiful. And so the dream came and went, vibrating like a pendulum between pleasure and regret — between Dimple and Hebrew. Now when the great trial came, when strong men were bowed, and nerveless, and *womanly* women desparingly inactive, she, the spoilt girl, was lion-hearted to do, and meek to suffer. She had strength for the weak, tears for the mourner, and better than all, she could direct in her calm judgment the best method of relief in this their great calamity. If we loved her before, we venerated her now, and so did Mr. Granger; but, as he afterward said, his heart told him, "Not now, she will not hear me yet."

At length the clouds gathered, the tempest swept down upon us, and the blessed rain fell on many an upturned waiting face, whose lips sent up a thanksgiving to the blackened heavens, and the Ruler thereof. From that day the health-flush came back to the cheeks of our neighbors, and hope to their bosoms. The people whom the harvest had blest, sent of their abundance, and peace and happiness was coming back to us, when Dimple's face grew crimson with the wasting fever. Oh, how we prayed over our darling; how we lamented that we had let her breathe in the contagion from the stifled rooms of her neighbors; but her reproachful looks stilled our murmurings, while her trusting words bade us seek submission where the dear child had found it.

William Granger watched with us during these dark days, for there were none strong enough of our old friends yet to repay their debt to our darling. When the writhings of remorseless

pain contort every muscle — when every nerve seems bared to the approach of suffering, and the spirit grows careless of its time of sojourn, or perhaps, becomes impatient to flee to the Haven of weary souls, the true elements of our nature manifest themselves. Dimple only thought of those who were weary with continual sleeplessness, and whose eyes ached for the refreshing tears of hope. Less and less grew the chances of her recovery, and her lips were still as if the seal of death were upon them, and silence was to be forever after the sentinel which watched, lest that which had been the music of our lives, should again burst forth.

James Middleton sat with his face bowed, to this great grief which came so crushingly upon him. Of myself, I only remember that my heart bled for the bowed man more than for my own utter desolation. William Granger knelt by the bedside, with his forehead on the cold hand of Dimple, while the hush seemed as if we were listening for the angels to come for her, when he raised his voice in prayer for the peace of the departing spirit. He confessed his great sin in making her his shrine, his idol. He begged forgiveness for placing Dimple foremost in all his plans of coming life, and making her his all in all of future happiness. He returned her to the Hand that gave her, and asked the same consolation for us all that he desired for herself.

When his prayer was ended, we raised our heads to look at Dimple's face, and the light had come back to her beautiful eyes, and a smile, with more than its olden sweetness, lay upon her lips. She looked tenderly and lovingly to her father and mother, but 't was only glances, for they rested on the kneeling figure by her side, and James Middleton and his poor Mary knew that the child's love would never again be wholly ours even if she were spared us. And so the light came back to us, and we felt that our great trial had secured us two children, instead of bearing our all away.

The winter sped on, and little of my usual amount of womanly duties were accomplished, for my eyes would get too dim to see. Dimple, with her sewing, passed the winter evenings, and many needless stitches found their place in her cunningly made wardrobe, while William Granger read wonderfully interesting books to her, and James, which I could not understand; nor did I much wish to do so, as my fancy was so busy weaving the web of my darling's future life. Oh, how bright the threads all were!

Then the blossom-laden May came, and William Granger's father and mother were with us, that they might see their son, their best beloved of all the children, wedded. I can imagine how Mrs. Granger's anxiety must have made her watchful of her son's affianced bride. The old gentleman saw the young girl flit about the house, careful of the comfort of every one, and attending to her womanly duties with unusual precision for one of her years, and his old heart opened to her and loved her dearly. The mother was charmed with her, and told her son of his wonderful good fortune in securing a woman who was satisfied and content with wifely and womanly duties, and let the mysteries of the lettered world alone. She could not quite analyze the smile with which he answered her congratulations, but understood it afterward.

The evening before the marriage, a curious Greek inscription on the fly-leaf of one of the new books upon the table, attracted the elder Mr. Granger's notice, and he asked Mr. Middleton to translate it, as he was not conversant with the language. In the absence of his glasses he called Dimple, as he had often done before, to read for him. The girl modestly rendered the literal meaning, and flitted from the room, with the wondering eyes of her future father-in-law following her receding figure, as if he was not sure she was a real person but a moment before. William, who had entered in time, saw his father's bewil-

dered look, and laughingly exclaimed, "You don't know the half yet, father; she reads Hebrew too, and could calculate an eclipse a thousand years from this." Not a word spoke the father in reply. But when Dimple came back again, he put his arms about her, threw her long curls off from her brow, and kissed it.

To-day, the birds are singing, and the peach blossoms throw their incense on the warm air, and shake their white falling leaves on the garden walk over which Dimple and William just went hand in hand, out on the path they are henceforth to tread side by side. She was a bud of promise when she came to us, and well has she fulfilled her mission. She is no helpless child now, but a woman, true to all the sweet and holy instincts of her nature, yet armed and prepared for the vicissitudes of the changeful life. She would be no useless thing if thrown upon the turbid tide of life alone, for she has that within herself which could carve her way to independence of the cold charities of the world. And yet, like Mary Middleton, like poor ignorant me, she would love best to nestle down by her own fireside, loving and beloved; guided, rather than guiding her dear ones far from the crowded ways of life.

God bless you, my darling, and the one you have chosen; and hasten the time when you shall sit again by our lonely hearthstone, and cheer our old hearts by your merry music. Your old father looks still down the garden-walk, and wonders if it really is the constant falling of the peach blossoms which blinds his eyesight. And mine are so dim that I can not tell him. The sunlight looks as it did twenty years ago; just as bright, just as frolicsome with the rose vines, and it peers in just as laughingly upon our old faces as it did then, and we—there are more wrinkles, a more silvery shade to our hair, but our hearts are as young and warm, and our love as fresh and strong as then. Why

need we grow old? Let the spirit go
back to paradise as true and pure as
when it came in the far-off long ago,
blest and blessing all.

OUR FATHER.

'T WAS a fair summer eve,
And from the brow of night, a diamond
crown
Sent a bright flood of starry radiance down;
And where the fairies weave
Their elfin tales, within the garden grove,
Or thread the silent dance in dim alcove,
The light crept timidly.
It stole across a vine-wreathed portico —
Across the window-sill, and the sweet flow
Of voices glad and free,
Welcomed the moonbeam as it touched the
floor;
And the white rose beside the open door,
Glanced in upon the scene,
And threw its incense on the reverent air,
As a young throng knelt in the evening
prayer,
With holy hearts I ween.
And from each lifted spirit there arose
The words — "Our Father." So they sought
repose,
And angels left the throne
Where the All-Father sits, and watched their
couch,
And kept them safe from every evil touch, —
From the dark angel's frown.

A prisoner in his cell —
The trace of guilt upon his sin-wrought
brow,
And in his eye the gloomy light of woe —
Lists to the vesper bell:
The stony floor re-echoes his slow tread,
The cold gray walls no beam of comfort
shed —
His spirit knows no peace.
The jeweled mantle night hath thrown o'er
earth,
Her crown of glory, hath but little worth
To him who seeks release;
Not from the dungeon's damp and dark recess,
Not from the lounging, fainting weariness
That lies upon his soul;
But from the discord that his sin hath flung
Over the spirit-lyre, that should have sung
With ha monies that roll
Far up the glowing pathway to the skies,
Up to the towers whose burning lights arise,
To guide the wanderer;
And so he cries — "Our Father!" and a
tone
So full of love all sin is overthrown,
Comes on the laden air.

Our Father Yes, we know
Who giveth rest in every weary hour,

We know who hath o'er life and death the
power,

Who guides the high and low;
And when our path is rough, and dark, and
strange,

On the tossed sea, or o'er the mountain
range,

Where clouds forever rest,
Still bend we toward thy throne, and seek
thy grace,

Still plead with childish freedom for a place
Among the pure, the blest.

"Doubtless thou art our Father! Israel"
May not record our names, yet we may
dwell

Beneath thy shadowing love.
The guileless heart of childhood hath thy
name —

"Our Father!" traced as with a living flame
From the bright shrines above,
Upon the soul's fair tablet: guilt hath
sought

By this pure talisman, so richly fraught
With wealth of gospel love,
To reach thy holy courts, and bathe within
The crystal waters which shall cleanse from
sin —

From stain forevermore!

March, 1857.

THINK OF ME, FRIEND.

BY ADA F. PALMER.

WHEN pleasure with its gem bright wings
About thy way a radiance flings,
When hope, and joy, and spirits light
Are all around thy festal bright;
When sorrow's clouds are gathering dim,
And grief its dark plumes wreathing in —
Think of me then.

When o'er the page with wisdom fraught,
Or of the lighter gems of thought
You silent muse, entranced the while;
When, with a calm, reflective smile,
A retrospection back you cast
On varied scenes of all the past —
Think of me then.

When 'mid the happy group at home,
Or far away you lightly roam,
While listening to the poet's theme,
Or wrapt perchance in "love's young dream,"
When life seems all that's good and fair,
With naught of grief or naught of care —
Think of me then.

When in the sacred hour of prayer
You call upon our Father's care,
To aid you in the ills of life,
The spirit's long and weary strife,
Forget not then my wished for share,
Room in thy heart and in thy prayer —
Think of me then.

March, 1857.

MADAM GUYON.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THOSE who study the history of France in the eighteenth century only through the medium of its court and monarch, are apt to form exaggerated ideas of the depravity of the times. Louis XIV., magnificent, prosperous, selfish, and profligate, surrounded by gay revelers, who danced in his splendid saloons, drank his costly wines, and served to gild the pomp of royalty, was but a partial exponent of the people at large. The dissoluteness of the court was mourned not only in hermit's cells and by cotter's firesides, but there were a noble company, whose rank and official position drew them directly within the charmed circle, who never yielded to its seductions — princes, dukes, and duchesses, who maintained their integrity in the midst of splendid vice, and walked softly before God. Even in Paris, where Folly kept constant carnival, there were some interior circles, like eddies in the tide, where religion, in its personal relations to the soul, formed the most attractive theme of conversation. In this age and nation, and in the bosom of the holy Catholic church, whose eldest son Louis was proud to style himself, a great religious movement arose, destined to form an epoch in ecclesiastical history. This movement having the vital doctrines of Protestantism at its base, is closely associated with the remarkable woman whose life we propose to review.

Jeanne Marie Bouvières De La Mothe was born in Montargis, France, April 13, 1648. Her parents were nobly connected, and possessed considerable wealth. Her father, who bore the title of Seigneur, was a leading citizen, and so far as we can judge, an honorable and truly religious man. Both her parents had children by former marriages, so that the united household was quite large.

When two and one-half years old Jeanne Marie was placed, according

to the custom of the age, with the Ursulines, a sisterhood who make the education of young girls their especial care. For some reason not explained, she was soon taken home again, and remained there, chiefly under the influence of servants, till she was four years old. She was next sent to the Benedictine Convent, and entrusted to the special care of the Duchess of Montbasin. This lady had taken a great fancy to the sprightly little girl, and begged that she might have her company during her religious retirement.

The atmosphere of devotion by which she was here surrounded had a great influence on this imaginative child. "Young as I was," she says, "I loved to hear of God, to be at church, and to be dressed in the habit of a little Nun." She often stole from her little companions to join in the chants and devotions of the Sisters, and earnestly declared that "she was ready to become a martyr for God." Her mates, secretly piqued, resolved to test this boasted sanctity. They told her that God had really called her to martyrdom. Arranging a room with all the paraphernalia of death, they led her thither with awful solemnity, having previously permitted her to say her prayers. She firmly believed that her last hour had come, and prepared to meet death with a brave heart. Kneeling upon a cloth laid to receive her blood, she bent her head to receive the blow. But when she saw the terrible knife suspended over her head, her courage suddenly gave way, and she exclaimed, "I am not at liberty to die without the consent of my father!" Of course the would-be-martyr had to bear many reproaches from her triumphant companions; but her own heart made her still severer reproaches, and she lost all confidence in her good estate.

Joanne was a very delicate child, and had frequent attacks of sickness which suspended her studies. Undoubtedly her parents erred in permitting their delicate and imaginative

daughter to leave home at all. Her mind was developing with a precocious rapidity, and her education should have been postponed to a much later period. But the French mother never thought of invading time-honored customs. She suffered her little one to be taken from her at the tenderest age, and committed to the sole management of some religious sisterhood. It was thus that Holy Mother church entwined her arms around the babe in its cradle, and molded its pliant nature as she would.

At the age of six Jeanne was re-committed to the care of the Ursulines, and placed under the special guidance of her paternal half-sister, who was a teacher in the community. This excellent lady undertook with alacrity the charge of her young sister, and treated her with the greatest affection. She heard her recitations, aided her in her devotions, and bestowed upon her unwearied attention. "Under her care," says Madam Guyon in her autobiography, "I soon became mistress of most of those things which were suitable for me; so much so that many grown persons, of some rank and figure in the world, could not have exhibited such evidences of proficiency and knowledge as I did."

When she was nearly eight years old, she was sent for by her father to make a short visit. On reaching home she found there Henrietta, the widowed queen of Charles I. of England, then in exile, and residing in a French convent. This unfortunate princess was then on an excursion to Montargis, and honored Mr. De La Mothe with a visit. His daughter thus describes the interview:

"My father told the queen's confessor that if he wanted a little amusement he might entertain himself with me, and proposed me some questions. He tried me with some very difficult ones, to which I returned such correct answers, that he carried me to the queen and said to her, 'Your majesty must have some diversion with this child.' She also tried me, and was so

well pleased with my lively answers, and my manners, that she not only requested my father to place me with her, but urged her proposition with no small importunity, assuring him that she would take particular care of me, and going so far as to intimate that she would make me Maid of Honor to the princess, her daughter. Her desire for me was so great that the refusal of my father evidently disobliged her. Doubtless it was God who caused this refusal, and who in doing so turned off the stroke which might have probably intercepted my salvation."

In her eleventh year Jeanne was sent to a Dominican convent, where an important incident occurred. Contrary to usual custom, a Bible was left in her chamber. She seized it eagerly, and read it with so much attention, that she could soon repeat the historical parts. Such was her interest, that all her other avocations were laid aside, that she might devote herself day and night to the Sacred Volume; still, it is not probable that she regarded it in any other light than that of a wonderful and fascinating history.

After a pupilage of eight months at the convent, she returned home. Her father was now desirous that she should obey the injunctions of the church by partaking of the Sacrament. With special reference to this solemn event, she was placed for preparatory training at the Ursuline convent. Under the instructions of the good sisters, her early seriousness returned, and she resolved on "giving herself to the Lord in good earnest." She received the Eucharist with solemn confession and great emotion, and evidently thought she had made a life-long consecration of herself to God.

Soon after, all these serious impressions passed away, and the fair young penitent returned to the world. It is not often that life offers higher attractions than it did to Mademoiselle De La Mothe. The rank and position of her family entitled her to high consideration in any circle beneath royalty. She had already begun to develop that

beauty for which she was afterward so famed, and her wit and vivacity gained the applause of all her friends. She finished her school education some time in her twelfth year. Incomplete as it must have been according to the present standard, it embraced every thing then deemed necessary to a young lady of rank in France. She afterward felt its deficiencies, and sought to repair them by a course of study.

About this time an incident occurred which brought back her serious depressions with great power. Her cousin, De Toissi, was about to embark on a mission to Cochin China. Passing through Montargis he stopped a few hours at his uncle's. Jeanne was absent, and did not see him, but the account she received of his holy zeal and sweet piety vividly impressed her feelings. She contrasted her own selfish, thoughtless life, without aim or purpose with the devotion of the young missionary. "What!" she exclaimed; "am I the only one in our family to be lost!"

Once more she renewed her vows, and commenced a rigid course of discipline. Renouncing all gay pleasures, she passed her time in charitable visits to the poor, meditation, and reading the lives of eminent saints. She wrote the name of Christ on a piece of paper, and placed it where she might be constantly reminded of Him. She constantly scrutinized her conduct, and humbled herself to ask pardon of those whom she had offended. She even determined to enter a convent and adopt the vocation of a nun, that she might be perpetually removed from the follies of the world. But her father, who idolized her, would not consent that a child of such splendid promise should bury herself in a nunnery.

Mademoiselle De La Mothe remained in this condition about a year. Misguided as were all her efforts and austerities, and useless toward affecting the great work of regeneration, they show the earnestness and sincerity of

her soul, and a self-command very unusual to her years. A state of such lofty abstraction, without any basis of real piety, could not long continue. Gradually the world crept back into her heart. The compliments which were paid to her personal attractions and brilliant conversation had their effect; and she intimates that a young gentleman who accompanied her family in a country excursion, drew her thoughts earthward. She exchanged the lives of the saints for romances, spent much time before her mirror and in toilet preparations, and was much more engaged in contemplating her own perfections, than those of her Saviour.

When Mademoiselle was in her fifteenth year, her parents removed to Paris. No change could have been, apparently, more prejudicial to her religious state. Paris was the social metropolis of the world. All forms of voluptuous pleasure centered there; the whole city seemed to be given up to a delirium of gayety. The gilded amusements of Versailles were repeated with a grosser coloring in each descending rank of society. Could it be hoped that a girl high-born, beautiful and enthusiastic, fresh from the retirement of a provincial town, and unfortified by the grace of God, would escape unstained in soul from these peculiar fascinations? She did not so escape.

For a time she gave to the world all the energies of her rapidly expanding nature. She felt within her a power to lead even the distinguished society into which she was admitted. Her talents were both brilliant and solid. To the genius of De Stael, whom, in some mental traits she resembled, she added a truly feminine delicacy and sweetness. She was probably one of the most attractive women that ever graced the French Capital. Her American biographer has gathered the following description of her person and appearance:

"She was tall and well-made in her person, refined and prepossessing in her

manners, and possessed of remarkable powers of conversation. Her countenance, formed upon the Grecian model, and characterized by a brilliant eye and expressive forehead, had in it a natural majesty which impressed the beholder with a sentiment of deep respect, while it attracted by its sweetness. Her great powers of mind — a mind which in the language of one of the writers of the French Encyclopedia, was formed for the world, '*fait pour le monde*,'—added to the impression which she made on her entrance into Parisian society."

Thus splendidly did life open before this gifted young being. With charms like hers, what triumphs might she not achieve? Even the Court circle was not above her reach; and if she disdained the frail conquests of La Valliere and Montespan, might she not, like De Maintenon, have ruled the susceptible heart of the monarch with a virtuous sway?

Mademoiselle De La Mothe had now reached a marriageable age. Her parents received overtures for her hand from several persons of distinguished rank. The choice among her suitors, lay, according to custom, wholly with her father; obedience was the only duty imposed upon her. M. De La Mothe selected M. Guyon, the representative of a house recently ennobled, and possessing immense wealth. The family had but lately emerged from obscurity, its fortunes having been built by the energy of the father of M. Guyon, a man of great energy and business capacity. He had been entrusted by Louis XIV. with the completion of the canal of Briare — the first work of the kind executed in France. He had contended with formidable difficulties in an age when the science of engineering was very imperfectly understood, and achieved success and a fortune. His son was the inheritor of all that wealth. He found himself in a position to compete successfully for the hand of high maidenhood.

Mademoiselle De La Mothe did not

see her husband until a few days before marriage. She had no other share in a matter so nearly affecting her happiness than signing the marriage contract, without being permitted to read it. She was much younger than her affianced husband, he being thirty-eight, and she scarcely sixteen; and there was a still greater disparity in their tastes. While the father congratulated himself on the splendid settlement of his daughter, she bethought herself of other alliances, which her heart whispered would have insured greater happiness. The marriage took place March 21, 1664.

M. Guyon took his bride to his mansion in the country, at a little distance from Paris. It was not long before this young and beautiful woman, cherished and caressed in her father's house and the idol of society, awoke to a bitter experience.

"No sooner," she says, "was I at the house of my husband, than I perceived it would be for me *a house of mourning*. In my father's house every attention had been paid to my manners. In order to cultivate propriety of speech and command of language, I had been encouraged to speak freely on the various questions which were started in our family circle. There every thing was set off in full view; every thing was characterized by elegance. But it was very different in the house of my husband, which was chiefly under the direction of his mother, who had long been a widow, and who regarded nothing else but saving. The elegance of my father's house which I regarded as the result of polite dispositions, they sneered at as pride. In my father's house every thing that I said was listened to with attention, and often with applause; but here, if I had occasion to speak, I was listened to only to be contradicted and reproved. If I spoke well, they said I was endeavoring to give them a lesson in good speaking. If I uttered my opinion on any subject of discussion which came up, I was charged with desiring to enter into a dispute;

and instead of being applauded, I was simply told to hold my tongue, and was scolded from morning till night."

Madam Guyon found herself very unhappy. Refined and accomplished herself, all her associations had been with the most cultivated ranks of society. She was now brought in contact with people whose innate vulgarity no titles of nobility or armorial bearings could disguise. They quickly perceived in her an elevation of soul, and a gentle dignity, which they envied without imitating, nor could they long fail to discover that she felt a secret repugnance to their society.

Although Madam Guyon found thus early all her dreams of married happiness rudely dispelled, she was ready to perform her part of the marriage contract with religious scrupulosity. She had too much delicacy as well as spirit to unfold her domestic griefs to her early friends, and was too filial to afflict her parents with the knowledge of an unhappiness with which they might justly reproach themselves. Therefore she kept her sorrows locked in her own heart.

Although naturally haughty and proud, she bent her spirit to the yoke of her imperious mother-in-law. It is even doubtful whether she asserted her rights with the proper spirit of a wife; more independence on her part might have silenced a woman whose nature was too coarse to understand the gentle graces of submission. But Madam Guyon lived in an age when the prerogatives of parents were as jealously guarded as those of sovereigns, and the rights of children were as little defined as those of subjects. Her husband had a genuine affection for her. He was proud of her beauty and talent, and very angry when remarks to her disadvantage were made, out of his own family. He would have been just and kind had he been left to himself; but goaded daily by the intimations of his mother, and accustomed to hear an evil construction put on all his wife's actions, it is not strange that he became both

morose and cruel. His health was very infirm, and he was often confined to his chamber. On these occasions he was attended by a maid servant, whose long experience as a nurse had rendered her indispensable, and whose natural jealousy of a young and beautiful wife made her join eagerly in all the persecutions of her mistress.

One charge against Madam Guyon was that she gave too much in charity. Her mother firmly believed that every dollar which did not clink in the family coffers was lost. She was constantly running to her son with an account of some new prodigality of his wife, and proclaiming that without her maternal care he would soon be a beggar. At this time their estate was immense, and their income princely.

The young mistress of all this wealth was not only deprived of all authority in her own house, but she was subject to daily humiliations. It was the policy of her mother-in-law to crush at the beginning a spirit whose superiority she had the discernment to perceive and fear. She prevented her as far as possible from visiting her parents, and constantly entertained her with disparaging remarks about them.

The footman, who followed her in all her walks, had strict orders to report every thing that she did. She was not allowed a separate dwelling-room, but was obliged to remain all day in the presence of her persecutors, and to sue for her short seasons of retirement. Every occasion was taken to humiliate her in the presence of others by hard speeches, and giving precedence to her inferiors in rank; and when her own mother, a lady of elegant breeding, blamed her for want of spirit, she could only bear her reproaches with silence. The result of this treatment we will give in her own words:

"My step-mother secured her object: my proud spirit broke under her system of coercion. Married to a person of rank and wealth, I found myself a slave in my own dwelling, rather than a free person. The treatment

which I received so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became dumb like 'the lamb that is shearing.' The expression of thought and feeling that was natural to me faded from my countenance. Terror took possession of my mind. I lost all power of resistance. Under the rod of my despotic mistress I sat dumb and almost idiotic. Those who had heard of me but had never seen me before, said one to another, 'Is this the person who sits thus silent like a piece of statuary, that was famed for an abundance of wit?' In this situation I looked in various directions for help, but I found no one with whom I could communicate my unhappiness; no one who might share my grief and help me to bear it. To have made known my feelings and trials to my parents would only have occasioned new crosses. I was alone and helpless in my grief."

Thus was the life of this gifted woman robbed of its morning brightness. She bitterly recurred to her former happiness, and contrasted her present state with what it might have been had her heart been permitted to choose its partner. Little did she understand the designs of Providence. She did not yet discover the high destiny which awaited her. She did not perceive that she must first die to earth who would be the bride of Heaven.

About this time, (1665,) Madam Guyon gave birth to her first child. A new fountain of emotion was opened within her. She found an object of life — something upon which to impress an influence, and something to fill the tenderness of her own heart. Her family also were for the time conciliated somewhat by this joyful event, although their happier dispositions did not long continue. They met with pecuniary losses, which again soured their feelings. Louis XIV. seized a part of the revenues of the canal, considerably diminishing their income, and other property was lost about the same time. The mother especially mourned this ill-fortune, and loaded her uncomplaining daughter-in-law

with reproaches, as if she were the cause of their troubles.

Trials multiplied upon Madam Guyon. While residing in Paris a short time with her husband, she was taken violently ill, so that her life was endangered. She suffered excruciating pain, and was reduced to great extremity. This sickness still further loosened her hold on life, and taught her resignation under its sorrows. God next smote her in her father's family, now doubly endeared by contrast. Her mother departed this life with Christian resignation, after an illness of one day.

It was now that her soul tore from one after another of its earthly attachments, and wounded in its tenderest relations, began, with *full purpose*, to turn itself to God.

We do not propose to follow all the stages of Madam Guyon's mental experience in her search after peace. She brought to the work all that energy of will and wholeness of purpose, which characterized her in every relation. She found no difficulty in abandoning those gay amusements which had ceased to attract her, and in retrenching the time she had formerly spent at her toilet. She gave bountifully in charity, and observed with great exactness all the outward requirements of the Catholic church, but her heart found no resting place.

Various Providences seemed to strengthen her religious tendencies, especially conversations with her cousin, De Toissi, who had lately returned from his missionary labors. It was not till after a year of anguish and darkness that she was able to open her soul to the heavenly light! The manner of her conversion was somewhat peculiar, and to one who has not studied its antecedents, might give rise to misapprehension.

Her father, who was acquainted with her religious state, desired her to consult a pious Franciscan, who had visited him in sorrow, and afforded him much spiritual consolation. She accordingly visited the friar, and

laid before him her doubts and perplexities. The holy man listened to her with attention, and then closed his eyes in inward prayer. At length he uttered these words: "Your efforts have been unsuccessful, Madam, because you have sought without, what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find him."

Madam Guyon received these singular and somewhat mystical expressions in the sense intended; viz., that she had been seeking by a system of outward works, what could be gained only by an inward faith. The great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith alone, flashed like a sunbeam in her soul.

"Having said these words," she says, "the Franciscan left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this instant deeply wounded with the love of God;—a wound so delightful that I desired it might never be healed. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or, rather, they made me discover what was there, and which I did not enjoy for want of knowing it."

The anniversary of this memorable day, July 22, 1668, was ever after observed by Madam Guyon as the date of her spiritual birth. She now returned to her family, and to the difficult duties which Providence imposed upon her, with a lightened heart and renewed courage. Finding no longer pleasure in gay attire, balls, and brilliant assemblies, she abandoned them altogether. Her husband quickly marked the change: he was much displeased. Notwithstanding his jealousy, he took pride in her social talents, and noticed her growing indifference to the world with irritation. He saw too that she had internal resources of strength, so that she was no longer depressed by the daily annoyances to which she was subjected. He felt that his power over her was about to cease. Possibly she gave him unde-

signed cause for complaint. Dwelling daily in the serene enjoyment of a higher life, she perhaps failed to conciliate a love which had become less necessary to her happiness.

We infer this from a remark he made to her. "What!" said he, "you love God so much that you love me no longer?" At other times he would be softened, and exclaim, "One sees plainly that you never love the presence of God." Then the spirit of opposition would return, and transform the affectionate husband into the petty tyrant. When he observed her about to retire for her devotions, he would take out his watch and note whether she exceeded the half hour allotted her. The waiting maid before alluded to, she tells us "became every day more haughty. It seemed as if Satan were in her, to incite her to torment me. And what enraged her most of all was, that her vexatious treatment, her fretfulness and her impertinent complaints and rebukes, had ceased to trouble me as they once did. Inwardly supported I remained silent."

But the heaviest of all Madam Guyon's afflictions was the systematic attempts which were made to destroy her influence over her eldest son. There seems to have been some natural perverseness about the lad which made him peculiarly susceptible to evil. His mother's heart was wrung with the keenest anguish as she saw him wholly weaned from her, by the malignant efforts of his grandmother. He even treated her with open disobedience and contempt. Why God permitted this cherished child, to whom she had looked as her solace in her house of bondage, to become perverted by evil influences, was a problem hard for her young faith to receive. In time she was able to understand the bitter lesson.

In 1667 she gave birth to a second son—a lovely child, and the striking reverse of his elder brother. Two years after a daughter was born, a flower of loveliness both in body and mind. She was as an angel to

her mother, and exerted all her little winning arts to beguile her of her sorrows. Whenever she saw her about to retire to her room, she was urgent to accompany her, and seemed to have a sincere love of religious duties.

"When we were alone," says her mother, "if she saw my eyes closed, as would naturally be the case in my seasons of inward recollection, she would whisper, 'Are you asleep?' and then would cry out, 'ah, no! you are praying to our dear Jesus;' and, dropping on her knees before me, she would begin to pray too." Perhaps He who bereaves that he may fill the desolate heart with himself, saw that Madam Guyon was leaning too much on this lovely and remarkable child. She died at the age of three years.

But we anticipate. It is in a religious sense, and connected with a deep religious movement, that the life of Madam Guyon is of significance to us. Her autobiography, a work undertaken in obedience to the injunction of her confessor, reluctantly, and without any view to publication, traces the progress of her spiritual growth with great minuteness. Her trials were mostly inward. Outward piety she found it easy to practice. She found it easy to lay aside those excessive personal adornments which harmonized as little with her taste as with her principles — to abandon light literature and gay company — rigidly to observe all the ceremonials of the church, and to give with princely generosity to the poor. Her private purse was mostly expended in charity. She sought out new and neglected channels for her bounty. At one time she selected such daughters of the poor in her neighborhood as were exposed by their beauty and poverty to a life of vice, and had them instructed in some useful trade.

"I went," she says, "to visit the sick to comfort them, to make their beds. I made ointments, aided in dressing wounds, and paid the funeral expenses of those who died. I sometimes privately furnished tradesmen and mechanics, who stood in need of

assistance, with the means that were requisite to enable them to prosecute their business." And this was the language of her heart: "Oh, my Divine Love, it is thy substance; I am only the steward of it; I ought to distribute it according to thy will."

Madam Guyon was a woman of powerful intellect, and very remarkable energy and enthusiasm of character. When therefore her soul took hold on God as its portion, it was with a concentrated force of will such as few minds can bring to bear on any subject. She gave to it the whole strength of her nature, and the whole warmth of her affections. It is necessary to have reached an elevated state of Christian experience to enter into her feelings. To the worldling they must often appear exaggerated, and even absurd. Allowance must also be made for the language in which she clothes her thoughts. Although in the highest degree impassioned and eloquent, it frequently lacks the clearness and accuracy of logical statement. Her imagination was very large; and while it does not seem to have exerted any disturbing influence on her mental operations, it often colors the language in which she describes them. Her words must be taken in their general scope rather than according to particular expression.

After making every allowance for her peculiar modes of thought and utterance, the question remains whether that sublime frame of mind which she professes to have attained was reality or delusion. Did she really reach that elevated state of sanctification which she claimed, or did she, "under the delusions of a heated imagination," as some assert, "deliver herself up to sublime chimeras?" This is a question for theologians to debate. It is not Madam Guyon as a polemical writer with whom we are engaged, but Madam Guyon, a woman, combining the sweetest graces of person and disposition, with the richest endowments of intellect, casting behind her all the seductions of rank,

fortune and beauty in a sublime search for goodness, and accepting in their stead contempt, imprisonment, and want. Her religious emotions were characterized by great intensity. Describing her state immediately subsequent to conversion she says:

"Nothing was more easy to me now than to practice prayer. Hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do any thing else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and of possession, wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of the soul into a profound recollection, a state of confiding and affectionate rest in God, existing without intellectual effort."

Again: "This love of God occupied my heart so constantly and strangely, that it was very difficult for me to think of any thing else. Nothing else seemed worthy of my attention. So much was my soul absorbed in God, that my eyes and ears seemed to close of themselves to outward objects, and to leave the soul under the exclusive influence of the attraction."

So filled was her heart with the Divine presence, that her very countenance was irradiated. Said a man of the world who observed her in company: "I saw the lady, your niece, and it is very visible that she lives in the presence of God."

Having at one time accompanied her husband into the country, she did not suffer either the novelties or inconveniences of a journey to hinder her devotions. "On the banks of the river, finding a dry and solitary place, I sought intercourse with my God." In her short visits to Paris, filled as it was with attractions for a young woman of rank and fortune, the home of her parents, and the scene of her happiest friendships, she would find pause to turn aside into a church for prayer.

Madam Guyon did not suffer her religious absorption to excuse the neglect of family occupations — the care of her children, attendance on her husband, or her duty to her servants and the poor of the neighborhood. She was even more assiduous than formerly in these relations, but the preoccupation of her mind led her into some indiscretions which she afterward saw and acknowledged. Absorbed in meditation she began to neglect general literature, and even the news of the day; she sometimes found herself embarrassed in company by an entire ignorance of topics of the most common interest.

After walking in her garden, which was laid out with great taste and elegance, her husband, who was confined to the house, would ask her how the fruits and flowers thrived. He was very naturally displeased when he found that she knew nothing about them, and reproached her for a religion which made her so indifferent to his wishes. Thus the breach between them was widened. She afterward saw and lamented this error.

There can be no doubt that Madam Guyon was inclined to asceticism. She took too little interest in the common affairs of life to make her quite companionable. She thus gave the worldling occasion to sneer at a religion which was never meant to cut off one innocent gayety, or abridge a simple harmless enjoyment.

(To be concluded.)

GIVE CHILDREN PURE AIR.

LET our children starve for bread rather than for air. Let us see to it that their apartments at home and in the schoolroom are well ventilated, and that they are not too long confined on hard benches in crowded rooms. Let them learn to play as well as to study. Let us educate their bodies with as much diligence as their minds.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDÉ.—I.

G. . . . , *March*, 1857.

YOU inquire, my dear M. . . . , what I am doing with myself this winter. Were you thus to question a hibernating bear, he would, probably, by way of making an intelligible response, give an extra pull upon his paw. This would be significant at least, and recalls a dialogue I once had with a bright little black boy. He was six years old, small of his age, with all the striking characteristics of African physiognomy, very bright, and ready witted. He always waited with his mother at table, and made me the object of his special care; but kept me constantly on guard against spilled coffee, tea, soup, and gravy. One day I found him alone in the breakfast parlor, and said to him, "Mose, what do you do days?" "Don't do nos'n days." "What do you do nights?" "Don't do nos'n nights." "What do you do any time?" "Don't do nos'n any time." "What do you live for then?" "Live for eat—could n't live wis'out eat." A sad comment upon the little fellow's shadowy present and dark future. But I have often thought of Mose in my almost aimless life this winter, shut out, or rather shut *in*, from the unceasing agitations of the outside world. This so quiet and retired life, has its pleasures and advantages in a small way. If it does not tend to discontent and apathy, it affords leisure for thought and reflection, without the constant annoyance of social interruptions, and excites the memory to reminiscences, which, if not all pleasurable, are robbed of their pungent elements, by the Lethean course of time.

Circumstances continually occurring under my observation, have directed my thoughts to the awfully solemn responsibilities of life. In every station, irrespective of its position, whether high or low on the graduated scale of worldly influences, every kind of power involves responsibility. Will you, my dear M. . . . , accept a few crude

thoughts on this topic, as a memento of "Lang Syne?" Happiness has been invoked as our "being's end and aim," under whatever idea she may present herself in the abstract, whether "good, pleasure, ease, content," or comfort, or by an analysis of the elementary principles which constitute the great object of life, from the cradle to the grave. In early infancy, demonstrations are made, pointing from the broken toy on the carpet, to the bright mirror, the gilded volumes, or the splendid decorations of table, bracket, or eteyère. Not satisfied with the countless variety of toys furnished for his amusement, the little fellow fixes his will upon something which he seems to know intuitively will be refused. All his little energies are directed to its acquisition; he points, and reaches, and crows; employs all the little blandishments of eyes, and voice, and fondling caresses. If this is withstood—and it requires great power to command the gentle impulses of maternal fondness—he tries a new set of tactics. He scolds, frowns fiercely, and finally arranges the whole into a stirring opera; hands and feet aid the performance, until strength as well as skill is brought into requisition to manage the turbulent spirit now fully aroused. This is the important crisis for the little creature; a mistake now may tell upon his life's destinies—yes, and upon his eternal destiny too!

This, too, is the severest trial for a mother—the struggle between her love, and conviction of duty. To gain quiet, but more to satisfy the yearnings of her own loving heart, she either yields the point, or so compromises, as to amount to the same thing; and thus gives her child its first lesson in willful self-indulgence. To what a succession of lessons this may lead; a regular inductive course, until—who shall speak the character and consequences of the last? One inquires, can results so fearful arise from indulging a little child in the possession of an article, the greatest

danger to which, would be the defacement of its beauty, or even its total destruction, which a few dollars can replace? This is a very inadequate view of the matter. The judicious, intellectual parent, enlightened by Christian philosophy, will see in this first outbreak the incipient stage of that depravity which an able divine has described as "the state of the affections in an accountable creature, at variance with the Divine requirements, from the beginning of his accountability."

The precise date of this accountability has not, probably, been ascertained; nor is it germane to the question that it should be. The first budding germ indicates the root. If that is left to send out vigorous shoots, and they not subjected to judicious pruning, what can be expected but the pungent fruits of regret and disappointment? How important then that the earliest buddings of the little heart should be vigilantly watched, all excrescences and redundances carefully removed, or judiciously trained, so that in the gradual development of character, there shall be no unsightly undergrowth left to interrupt the harmony of its parts, or to mar the beauty of a perfect structure, based in Christian principles, the superstructure raised and strengthened by parental admonition, and every part interjoined by a mother's prayers for and with her child, from so early a period that he shall not remember the first time.

Unquestionably the foundation of good citizenship, of the "perfect man in Christ Jesus," is laid in the nursery at a much earlier period than is generally supposed. It requires great self-denial to mark and connect all the little peccancies of budding life; for even these have a charm to loving eyes. But pause, oh mother! Remember that your cherub is but a lent mercy — a frail flower, whose fragrance may be suddenly exhaled to Heaven — a harp, whose tones may be wanted to swell the angel choir. With

hushed breathlessness and shuddering sobs, your very heart-strings crack with the effort to realize that this is inevitable in the future, and may be very soon. In that dread hour, what can soothe the agony of your stricken spirit, if you want the consciousness that you received the gift from God as a loan, and have striven to cultivate and train it, not only as a citizen of this world, but also with reference to its ulterior destination — its translation from this to another, a higher state of existence.

In the momentous relation of parent is involved, not only the present, but the future, and eternal weal of their offspring. Every fond, self-indulgent, parental feeling, should yield to the one thought, that when the gift was bestowed, the command was, also given, "Take this child and bring it up for me." To do this effectually, requires strong disciplinary talent, and great energy of self-possession; for every look and tone of the little delinquent appeals so strongly to parental sympathy, and it is so much pleasanter, as well as easier, to ignore what may seem a trifling obliquity, than to present it in its true bearing, under the fearful sanctions of God's word, and to act determinately upon the admonition, "Train up a child in the way he should go." To this every parent and guardian is encouraged by the assurance, that "when he is old, he shall not depart from it." The performance of this duty may be greatly assisted by keeping present to the mind the thought that upon its faithful discharge depends that happiness, which is the "end and aim" of all human existence.

Is it not then an important duty to contemplate the solemn responsibilities involved in all life's relationships? Farewell, dear M. . . . , says

Yours Faithfully,
JACQUES & C.

God never fails them that wait for him,
nor forsakes them that work for him.

THOUGHTS OF ROME.

ON the twenty-second day of February we entered Rome, and found the peach-trees in blossom. The modern city is in no respect remarkable. Its walls are of some strength, but readily yielded to the attack of the French in 1849. Its present population is one hundred and seventy-five thousand. All the streets are narrow, and even the far-famed Corso is not over fifty feet wide. In general, the buildings appear to be of modern date, with here and there some grand monument of antiquity peering out from the midst of more recent structures.

On the whole, the aspect of this "Queen of the World" is eminently sad, degenerate, and disheartening. The more imposing relics of antiquity, the Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum, the Baths of Caracalla, though within the walls, are still on the southern side of the city, and beyond the present center of population. All these are gigantic structures, but mostly of a barbarous character. They show the amazing power and wealth of the emperors who constructed these works, but they also display the actual poverty of art, for there is not one of them that can furnish a useful suggestion to even a house-carpenter. The vain and transitory nature of the ideas and institutions which gave birth to these miracles of labor, strikes the reflecting mind with a deep and painful sense of humiliation.

The Coliseum, the most sublime monument of accumulated human toil, regarded as to its gigantic proportions, was erected for amusements now held to be alike cruel and revolting; the baths of Caracalla, whole acres covered with mounds of brick, were constructed to minister to fashionable luxuries, which at the present day would be regarded as infamous. In modern times, the same accommodations would be obtained with one twentieth part of the labor expended

upon these establishments. The vanity, the boasting, the ostentation of conquerors, which gave birth to the triumphal arches, would at this day be looked upon with universal contempt.

The temples were erected to gods, which have vanished into thin air. The Aqueducts, whose ruins stretch across the gloomy Campagna, looking like long lines of marching mastodons, were erected in ignorance of that familiar fact, visible to any one who looks into a teapot, that water will rise to its level!

The great lesson to be learned at Rome is that of humility. I know not which is most calculated to sink the pride of man, pagan Rome, sublime in the grandeur of its tyranny, its vices, and its falsehoods, or Christian Rome, contemptible in its littleness, its tricks, and its artifices, which would disgrace the commonest juggler.

I speak not now of the treasures of art, collected to repletion in the public and private galleries of this wonderful city. *These* are endless in extent and variety. Among them are the finest paintings of Raphael, and the best sculptures of Michael Angelo, as well as the Dying Gladiator, and the Apollo Belvidere. Here, also, is that rich, gorgeous palace, called St. Peter's Church. But still Rome, on the whole, seems to me the most melancholy spot on earth. Here is a city which once contained three or four millions of inhabitants, now shrunk and wasted to a population of less than two hundred thousand, and these living upon the mere ruins of the past. The Christian church is but little better than a collection of bats and owls, nestling in the ruinous structures erected for the gods and goddesses of heathen antiquity.

Nor is this the most appalling fact here presented to the traveler. Around this place is a belt of undulating land, called the Campagna, eight or ten miles in width, fertile by nature, and once covered with a busy population; this has become desolate, and is now

only tenanted by sheep and cattle. The air is poisoned, and man breathes it at his peril. To sleep in it is death. And this change has come over it, while it claims to be the very seat and center of Christianity, the residence of the successor of the Apostles, the head of the Catholic church, the representative of Christ on earth, the Spiritual Father of a hundred and fifty millions of souls! Is not this mysterious, fearful? — *Recollections of a Life-time.*

MAY.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

ADIEU to cold Slumber's dominion,
The night's dusky curtains are riven,
And Fancy her magical pinion
Hath plumed for the azure of Heaven;
Yet veiling her face ere she soareth,
She bows in the Deity's sight,
While the warm lip of gratitude poureth
To Him who created the light,
A prayer that the biddings of duty
Were powerless to prompt, or to stay,
For the kingdom of fragrance and beauty,
That springs to the scepter of MAY.

The forests their garlands are wreathing,
The orchards are flushing with bloom,
And garden and vale are bequeathing
A world of delicious perfume;
Strewn petals our pathway are spreading,
And still of their duty untired,
Round the footsteps that crush them, they're
shedding
The fragrance of which they expired;
The atmosphere, taintless and glowing,
Is thrilling with voices of bliss,
And we question with hearts overflowing,
That Eden is brighter than this.

Long shadows around us are streaming
Away from the chambers of dawn,
From the peach-tree in loveliness gleaming,
Or the cowslip that laughs on the lawn;
And we, while the nation is breaking,
Our shallop will poise on the tide,
The dew from the willow boughs shaking,
That weep by the still river side;
And down on the waves' gentle bosom,
We'll glide 'mid these shadows away,
To revel in fragrance and blossom —
The gifts of the beautiful MAY.

All earth, in luxuriance teeming,
Hath woven fresh wreaths while we slept;
And grass-blades and violets are gleaming,
With tears that the night-watchers wept.

Those guardians of Heaven that spread o'er us
Their wings in our time of repose,
And a purified spirit restore us,
When the hours of their watchfulness close,
For they lighten the load of the morrow,
From the sins of the day that is fled,
And the heart from her gath'rings of sorrow,
Is purged by the tears that they shed.

And now, though their wings have uprisen,
They're bending their love-beaming eyes
From yon white clouds that skirt the horizon,
Ere they turn to their rest in the skies,
To learn if the morning hath found us
Refreshed to proceed on our way,
And meet the temptations around us,
With hearts that shall conquer to-day;
Then, with merciful judgments, and lowly,
They fly to the heavenly bowers,
To lay at the feet of the Holy,
The record we've traced on the hours.

Earth spreadeth her garden elysian
For footsteps more worthy than ours,
And, unseen by Mortality's vision,
Are angels abroad with the flowers;
Their whispers around us are swelling,
In lessons of goodness and love,
And our hearts are unconsciously thrilling
To the anthems they hear from above;
Then out o'er the earth's teeming bosom,
We'll rove with the angels to-day;
With thanks for the fragrance and blossom
That spring in the footsteps of MAY.

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ISABELLA SHELDEN.

LONG hath she lain there, motionless and pale,
As though e'en now her weary heart had
ceased

Its throbbings. But she is not dead; her soul
Hath not yet left its prison house of clay,
To soar amid the realms of endless bliss.
Around the bed her tearful children stand,
Watching with aching hearts to see some sign
Of consciousness. They would not have her
die,

Without another word, or look of love.
At length her eyes unclosed, her pale lips part,
And one word, "Father!" falls upon the ear.
Then is the old man to her bedside brought,
But his child sees him not, for ah! methinks
'Twas not her earthly sire for whom she
called,

But that e'en then, her eyes had caught a
glimpse
Of One who loved with more than earthly love;
For when the bright-winged seraphs came to
bear

Her ransomed spirit to its glorious rest,
Did they not leave the gates of pearl unclosed?
And saw she not her Heavenly Father's face?

WILLSBOROUGH, Jan., 1857.

THE DREAM OF CALEB EDMONDS.

"CHRISTIANITY, indeed!" said Mr. Edmonds, as he looked over his books, in the little back parlor behind the shop; "I am disgusted with such hypocrisy."

There was a dark frown upon the brow of the man of business as he spoke these words, and an irritability in his manner of turning over the leaves before him, which spoke of some bad debt troubling his mind, and robbing him of his good temper.

"What is the matter?" asked a cheerful little woman by the fire, at whose side a basket of stockings told of a large family, and a consequent demand for stitchery.

"Matter!" echoed the husband, "do you not know that Westford owes me four pounds ten and sixpence?"

"Well, he will pay I suppose?"

"No he. The goods were purchased more than a year ago, and I have not had a penny yet!"

"What does he say when you see him?" asked Mrs. Edmonds, who evidently loved to look at the bright side.

"Say? — he does not say much to me, I can tell you. I told him not to worry me with his excuses, but to bring his money; and that he need not cross my door-step again until he could do that."

"I am sorry for his wife," said the little stocking-mender, presently, "for she appears to be a truly pious woman."

"Pious!" retorted her husband; "yes, and so is he; 'tis that disgusts me. Religion, indeed, and he owes me four pounds ten and sixpence. I thought the Bible said, 'Owe no man anything.' Christianity, forsooth!"

Mr. Caleb Edmonds was a highly respectable grocer in the town of Marlby — in fact a man of substance, for business had prospered with him. He was industrious and obliging; rising early, working hard; and thus from small beginnings he had risen to

considerable wealth. But although an excellent man of business, Mr. Edmonds was a very ordinary Christian. True he *begun* the race, but he did not *press* toward the mark — alas, for "the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches!" And as it is characteristic of a low standard of piety to be harsh and censorious in our judgment of our fellow-citizens, so Mr. Edmonds, when he heard of any defect in the character of professors around him, was always the first to exclaim, "*Christianity, indeed!*"

Is not this too common to us all? Do we not, even if we give no expression to our thoughts, doubt and hesitate much more than we *should* doubt and hesitate, regarding the reality of the religion of our "Ready-to-halts" and "Feeble-minds?" Do we not set up a standard of perfection for our fellows, which were too lofty in our view, as a standard for ourselves? And are we not too ready to exclaim against the wanderings of others, even while *we* turn aside into forbidden paths?

Perhaps such thoughts as these had passed through the mind of Mrs. Edmonds, as she sat over her work; for when she arose to leave her basket for some other household duty, she bent over her husband for a moment, and said gently, "Caleb, I do not like to hear you say, '*Christianity, indeed!*' as you did just now. Suppose your fellow-Christians were to judge of *you* as harshly as you of them? You often say it," she continued hastily, "you doubted John Watson's religion yesterday, because he lent money to your rival, and Thornton's because he opposes you in business; and you shook your head because he argued with you against total abstinence! '*Judge not that ye be not judged.*'"

Long after his wife left him, these words rang in Caleb's ear — "*Judge not!*"

At last, as he sat in the twilight, between sleeping and waking — for business was very dull, and he could spare half an hour for rest — a vision

stole upon him, and he passed in imagination, rapidly through the scenes which follow :

At first he found himself in the front parlor of a house in a very quiet neighborhood, and in the presence of three maiden ladies, whose names he knew very well. They had their feet upon the fender, and — their knitting laid aside — were evidently discussing the affairs of their neighbors.

"Such pride!" said the elder lady, whose name was Rayby; "what will come next, I wonder?"

"The most fashionable boarding-school in R. . . ., I assure you," said another, Miss Phillips.

"Ah!" said Miss Rayby, "and I can remember the time — of course, I was *very* young then, but still I *can* remember — when Caleb Edwards swept out his own shop!"

"Dear me! and now he has the upstart impudence to send his girl to such a school as that!" exclaimed Miss Sophia Milwood, the spinster who had not yet spoken. "O, the pride of human nature!"

"And he a professor, too!"

"Professor!" said Miss Rayby; "*religion* does not teach a man such absurd pride as that!"

Miss Phillips shook her head, and began to lament the increase of false professors.

"Well," thought Caleb, "I believed that in spending some of my cash upon the education of my children, I could not go very far wrong; but I find I am misunderstood, even here."

The next scene was the drawing-room of the very John Watson, of whom Mrs. Edmonds had spoken. A lady was making tea behind a silver urn, and a gentleman, her husband, sat beside her.

"Poor Thornton," said Mrs. Watson — for it was she, "I trust he will succeed."

"He *shall*, if by God's blessing I can compass it!"

"He is a very deserving young man," continued the lady; "the manner in which he bore the loss of all

his property would win esteem, even if he had no other claim."

Mr. Watson did not reply, his mind had wandered to another branch of the subject. "That Caleb Edmonds," he said at length, "I am surprised at the ill-feeling he displays."

"Towards Thornton?"

"Yes! he is evidently annoyed at the opening of another shop so near his own; whereas, in the principal street of a town like this, he should have expected competition. Besides, he has made a little fortune, and has nothing to fear; yet he will not treat George Thornton with ordinary civility."

"I thought he was a religious man," said Mrs. Watson.

"He *pretends* to be," replied her husband; "but I have not much faith in a religion which brings forth so little fruit?"

Poor Caleb! his wife's words — the *Master's* words — still sounded in his ears as they had never done before, meeting with a responsive echo in his heart.

Again a change, and Mr. Edmonds found himself beside a sickly-looking woman, who, leaning on her husband's arm, walked slowly toward the house of prayer. It was impossible to look without interest upon her pale and anxious face — a face which had once been beautiful; and equally impossible to disregard the careful tenderness with which her steps were guided by the strong man at her side. Their conversation, too, was worthy of remark: they were speaking of the consolations of the Gospel.

"Who knows?" exclaimed the invalid, "perhaps there may be words just suited to our case this morning! Words for the *poor*!"

"Poor as regards *this* world only, Mary."

Her eyes brightened as she looked up cheerfully. "Yes, yes; *rich* in treasure far more costly than earth's gold. God help us to look up, and to trust Him for the meat that *perisheth*."

They walked on for a while, and then the wife said mournfully, "I sometimes fear that it is pride which makes me shrink from meeting Mr. Edmonds; I do shrink from it. Oh, if we could but pay him!"

"We shall be able to do soon, I hope," said Welsford; "it has been a hard struggle, Mary, starvation almost; but I think it is nearly over."

"Ah! it was all for me. I am sure Mr. Edmonds would be patient, if he knew how much you spent in medicines for me, and how little work you have."

"He is patient, after a fashion; and we have reason to be thankful for that; still he has said some crushing things to me; harsh things which he may live to repent — things which have made me doubt his Christianity."

"Nay," said Mrs. Welsford, gently, "I would not judge him; how many inconsistent things *we* do."

"You are right. I may not lift my voice; alas, but little likeness to my Lord is found in me!"

Again the echoing voice thrilled through the soul of the listener — again he heard the words, "*Judge not!*" and as he dwelt upon them, the vision slowly faded, and he, Bunyan-like, awoke, "and behold it was a dream!" But the lesson of the dream was not quite lost upon him, for he awoke to a deeper spirit of Christian charity, a nobler self-denial, a holier humility, a nearer likeness to Jesus. He had been caught in that brief twilight musing, one of the old lessons of the Book of God.

* * * * *

The fireside morning worship was just ended, and Charles Welsford was about to go forth to his daily toil, when a gentle knock at the door spoke of a visitor. How great was the surprise of all when Caleb Edmonds entered!

"You are coming, sir —"

"I am come," said the grocer, interrupting him, "to express my hope that you are not under any concern about that little amount you owe me.

Take your time, my good sir, take your time."

The poor man's eyes were filled with tears, as grasping the outstretched hand, he tried to speak his thanks.

"My wife," said Mr. Edmonds, turning toward Mrs. Welsford, "put something into my hand, just as I left for you, ma'am." And from his pockets came tea, sugar, biscuits, from the good wife's ample store, till Mary's eyes too, filled with grateful tears.

"And now," said the visitor, kindly, "don't forsake the shop; get your little parcels there, and pay just when it suits you. By the way, if a sovereign would do any service to you, I have one which will burn a hole in my pocket, as the saying goes, unless I give it to somebody." And before they could reply, he had laid the coin upon the table and was gone.

"Mary," said Mr. Welsford, "let us thank God for this."

They knelt, and as he breathed forth his heart's gratitude, his wife wept with tears of joy, and even the little ones murmured the "Amen."

But Mr. Edmonds did not stop at this; it was to him Charles Welsford owed a situation which soon after placed him far above the reach of want. It was to him he owed a host of kindly deeds, which came like sunshine to his inmost soul.

We hasten on. Not alone in this regard was Caleb Edmonds changed, for, two days after his strange dream he walked into his rival's shop, shook hands, invited him to drink tea at his house, spoke pleasantly about their "opposition," and even hinted at his own retirement at some future day, when his new friend would have "a better chance."

And from that time the charity which "suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," held an almost undisputed sway over the heart of Caleb Edmonds; and ever was the maxim of the Bible borne in mind, "*Judge not that ye be not judged.*"

HOUSEWORK FOR BOYS.

"DON'T fret, mother," said a good boy of eighteen years old, the other day, as he came in from a busy day's work of hauling rails, and found his poor mother trying to get supper, while her head was racked with excruciating neuralgia. "You know, mother, you have taught me most all kinds of housework, and now I can pay you for some of your trouble."

And right cheerily did he wash and wipe his hard toil-worn hands, sweep the floor, replenish the fuel, fix her comfortably in the rocking chair, tilted back with a pillow under her head, and then he went to work getting tea as easy and gracefully as any neat, smart girl.

Such a pattern of a cook you never saw, so unlike those dawdling girls who think housework disgraceful; perfect daubs who can work crimson cats in worsted, or unseemly vines and flowers about the edges of scant whitish colored skirts.

"Oh, he's worth a dozen girls!" said the grateful mother, as he left the room after bringing her a cup of tea, whose flavor was a sort of mute eloquence.

With a womanly instinct he led little frolicsome Sammy out of the room, where the patter of toddling feet would not jar upon her ear. "Bread cast upon the waters, that has returned unto me," she whispered to herself; and I thought of those words yesterday, as I heard a young wife blessing the memory of her husband's mother, who had died long years ago.

"He knows," she said, "how most every kind of housework is done; he does the milking, because, he says, it is too hard work for a woman. Oh, he has had such a good mother, I know!" and as her eyes softened in their bright earnest expression, I thought that mother's teachings were like to one's planting beautiful shade trees by the roadside, under whose cool, inviting branches the weary and worn traveler would rest, long after

the hand that had planted had mouldered back to silent dust.

"What a fool old Smith's wife makes of her son John!" said Jennie Gray's husband, as he came home from mill the other evening. "Why, to-night as I came by there, he was going out with the old woman to milk, carrying his tin pail on his arm as big as though it was a portfolio!" And he laughed derisively, as though he thought he was about the right kind of a fellow himself.

Now Jennie had four children, the eldest a sturdy brat of eight years, whose will had never been broken once. Her husband carried on a large farm, and had hired hands, plenty of them, for Jennie to wait upon; and though he cleared over a thousand dollars every year, he could not afford to hire help in the house; and as to milking the four cows, or carrying water up the steep spring hill, even on washing day, why he never thought of such a dignified fellow doing mere woman's work! not he. Once he did carry a pail of dish-water to the pigs, but when he brought the pail back, he gave it a kick on the kitchen porch, and said, "No more such work for *me* — umph! carrying slop!"

In spite of Jennie's entreaties to the contrary, he made a round uncouth log pen beside the front gate, and moved the fragrant pigs into it, so Jennie would n't have so far to carry her feed. He made her believe, too, that it was all through pure considerate love for her, that he took this extra trouble upon himself.

Jennie is one of a class, dear reader, kind, patient, forbearing little wife; living a continued struggle, but her angelic sweetness represses it all, and seals her poor lips with a sad smile intended to be bright and cheerful, and in good faith she waits for the final release. Oh, dear! I wish there were no more such real pictures, but every neighborhood frames in too many such sad, sad pictures as this.

I have heard some things in the form of men — great brawny-armed

muscular specimens, without a gleam of softness or beauty, or the glory of soul-light in their blank faces, stand up and say, "Fudge! a woman's work is nothing; mere child's play." Rascals! they did n't deserve a dear kind mother to sacrifice herself at middle age for them, or poor unappreciated wives, to eke out a few slavish years in their service, or unloved sisters, to minister to their wants in fear and trembling. Such fellows merit a Nero's well-shod heel upon their necks, grinding the worthless lives out of them, with a ghastly spectacle, the embodiment of martyred wives and mothers, to whisper in their ears, "Child's play! old horses going the rounds of the tread-mill, and little squirrels in cages trying to find terra firma on a revolving wheel? Child's play, eh?"

Let us learn the little boys to do all kinds of housework, from making bread down to patching pantaloons and sewing on buttons. They may have to go to college and board themselves, or go to Mexico to fight, (hope not,) or to California as miners, or away west to pre-empt land; or mayhap be poor, and have sickly wives, or rich, and help be scarce, or keep a bachelor's hall; or perhaps their mothers will be infirm, and then they can help her, and pay the interest of that great debt, the principal no child can ever wholly pay.

It will not be lost on them, at any rate; and some time in their lives they will bless "mother" for teaching the mysteries of housework. They should be taught how to nurse the sick with care and gentleness, and how drinks and food should be prepared for them. But best of all, it will smooth over the rough edges of a man's nature, making him more loveable and kind and generous, and teaching him to appreciate the toilsome labors that go to make up woman's life, and to bestow on her her just dues.

Remember, good mothers, that if you receive little or no benefit from these teachings, somebody will, and

will bless you for it, perhaps, when the stone at your grave is embroidered over with green moss and creeping lichens, and your memory is but as a dream of the long ago.—*Ohio Cultivator*.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELD OF LITERATURE.

GATHERED BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

HOW sweetly does it operate when life is new, and experience yet unsullied by any deep or lasting stains! How sweetly does it operate, like a kind of second conscience, more tender, more forgiving, yet still more appealing than the first, in all those minor perplexities and trials of human life, whose judgment, bribed by inclination, would persuade the unpracticed traveler that the most flowery path must surely be the best! It is in the beginning and end of evil that this power, though often unseen and purely spiritual, operates with a potency particularly its own: in the beginning to win us back by that simple and habitual reference of a child, to what would have been its mother's choice; and in the end by that last lingering of expiring hope—that hovering, as it were, around our pillow of some kind angel, reminding us at once of the tenderness of earthly love, and of that which is divine. MRS. ELLIS.

John Randolph, some years before his death, wrote to a friend as follows: "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though that was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

ANON.

DISCIPLINE.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline:
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips; and in his speech was
heard

Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving, vigorous plant.
The mind was well informed, the passions
held

Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If ere it chanced, as sometimes chance it
must,

That one among so many, overleaped
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke.
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and closed the breach.

But Discipline at length,
O'erlooked and unemployed, grew sick and
died.

Then study languished, emulation slept,
And virtue fled. The schools became a
scene

Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's
part,

Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.

What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuit of idle sports,
And vicious pleasures.

TASK.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, and bereft of beauty.

SHAKESPEARE.

Woman's loquacious tongue was given
her, in part, to enable and dispose her
to instruct children by conversation;
her large language and parental love
combined, making her love to talk to
and with them. O. S. FOWLER.

We detect not the many delicate
but strong lines of influence, which
connect a man's beliefs, pursuits, aims,
pleasures, pastimes, and associations
with the formation of his character,
penetrating the substance of the latter,
like the almost invisible capillaries of
his body, and conveying streams of

every hue and quality, from the bright
life-current that only purifies and
strengthens, to the dark tide that only
corrupts and enfeebles.

F. IN JOUR. OF ED.

Circumstances define possibilities.
When we have done our best to shape
them and to make them propitious,
we may rest satisfied that superior
wisdom has, nevertheless, controlled
them and us, and that it will be satis-
fied with us, if we do all the good that
shall then be found possible.

WM. H. SEWARD.

As storm following storm, and wave
succeeding wave, give additional hard-
ness to the shell that encloses the
pearl, so do the storms and waves of
life add force to the character of
man.

ANON.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

More constant than the evening star,
Which mildly beams above,
That diadem — Oh! dearer far,
A sister's gentle love.

Brighter than dewdrops on the rose,
Than nature's smile more gay —
A living fount which ever flows,
Steeped in love's purest ray.

Gem of the heart! Life's gift divine
Bequeathed us from above;
Glad offering at affection's shrine —
A sister's holy love!

ANON.

The heart, the heart that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

ELIZA COOK.

There is nothing purer than hon-
esty; nothing sweeter than charity;
nothing warmer than love; nothing
richer than wisdom; nothing brighter
than virtue; and nothing more stead-
fast than faith. These united in one
mind, form the purest, the sweetest,
the warmest, the richest, the brightest,
and the most steadfast happiness.

FRAGMENTS OF TIME.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

[It is long since such a poem as this has broken the monotony of every-day life.]

ALOFT, upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend
the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him, who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleagured, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen
waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went
forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb
by limb.

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and
prim,
Burst from decorous quiet as he came.
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence a-flame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged
West,

From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main
to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE!

In vain — in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we
poured

The golden wine, and round the shining
board

Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices
ceased

Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in southern skies
Faded and faded. And the brave young
heart

That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.

His was the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;

And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late — too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and
lone,
Drifts from the white North to the Tropic
zone,

And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth, and
tell

The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well;
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of
snow!

Night lengthening into months; the rav-
enous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white
bear

Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food;

The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the prostrate
band

Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder; such the
throng

Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he
played!

Sinking himself — yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades'
fate;

Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial, every fate,

He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world
once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral
shore
Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of
gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly
state;

The knell of old formalities is tolled,
 And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
 No grander episode doth chivalry hold
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
 Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
 Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
 By the good Christian knight ELISHA KANE!

COMMON SENSE IN HOME AFFAIRS.

I HAVE sometimes thought there were some people who never did exercise *common* sense; and though I have met many men whose aping after follies made them little else than apes, yet I confess it with mortification that it is among the women I have found the greatest lack of the wisdom which makes home what it should be, and life what it should be, and the heart what it should be. Drop down in the midst of any little circle, where, apparently, is much real worth and exercise of truth, and observe for yourself, O reader!

Here is Mrs., a quiet, sweet little body, whose health is quite gone. She is still working, still ambitious — for what? For *position*; for living as well as her neighbor of the stone house! and in this reckless race she has sacrificed the dearest boon God gave to her — health. No use for her to say, “others do it,” “my husband expected it,” “my children would not have been noticed without it,” for none of these excuses suffice for a positive sacrifice of happiness, a real suicide. *Common* sense would dictate no sacrifice of life-treasures upon the shrine of common usage; but would rather dictate such prudential steps as would not have compromised body-comfort and soul-culture.

There is Mrs., a gay, lightly-stepping creature, the very personification of rosy health and life enjoyment. But, be not hasty in conclusions. She has a home and a husband and children; but that home lacks the quiet air and exquisite presence which ren-

ders it what it should be — a Paradise in miniature; and the husband is just as happy in his counting-room as at his fireside; and the children think little else than of the dresses to wear, the day to spend, and the party at night. There is, to the close observer, an almost total want of soul-culture in that home; and the gaiety of the mother is won at the expense of the truer happiness of her husband, the nobler aspirations of her children, and the higher sphere of her own usefulness.

And then there is Miss, who you would think is pursuing the true life, by avoiding vain show, parties — who practices economy and a modest style in all things; — she, you think, is endowed with the rare virtue of doing what she knows to be right. It may be, but not in its fullest degree; — she does not realize that life is given for accomplishment — that a true happiness consists in developing all her mental treasures to their utmost; and therefore, with all her well meaning, she is not exercising the common sense which God has endowed her with, when she passes through years of comparative listlessness and ease.

So on through the calendar, — we might enumerate the positive faults of our sex. It may be the other sex have as many, or more short-comings; but it is no excuse for us, who are to be the mothers of a race, and who should be the ornament of society. A true life consists in first rendering a home joyous, well ordered, beautiful, and all in it and around it perfectly *at home*; second, in the practice of such thoughts and feelings as tend to harmonize, instead of dividing society; so that *all* may be friends who are good and respectable, without regard to their wealth; third, in so endowing the mind by study and reflection, as to render its converse one of intelligence and usefulness, and its tastes elevated. When women learn to *practice* such common sense, this life will not have so many sad records to write, and so many obstacles to overcome in reaching Heaven.

A CHAPTER ON COSMETICS.

"PRAY, what can you tell me of Calista?" asked a fair lady who had come from a distant city to witness our rural celebration, and whose eye had been offended by the cold and supercilious expression of Calista's countenance, so little in harmony with the spirit of the day.

"It is not many years since she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw," replied I.

"You surprise me," said the sunny-haired stranger. "I can not imagine how those sharp, sallow features can ever have been beautiful."

"If you will look at her more closely, you will perceive that every feature is classically perfect in its outline, and that it is expression that renders the countenance so displeasing."

"Can you tell me what has caused this extraordinary change?"

"Discontent with her position, and jealousy of the world's opinion of her. Such traits of character, you have probably observed, are not the best of cosmetics."

"Alas! but too often," said the lady, whose clear brow betokened entire freedom in her own mind from aught so destructive to womanly attractiveness.

"By the way," said I, as the lady stepped into her carriage, "what a nice little article might be written on the passions considered cosmetically."

"Admirable! and I hope you will write such a one yourself," said the lady, as she waved her adieu from the carriage window.

"Yes!" thought I, as I turned again toward the gay throng, gathered under the shadow of a grove of ancient elms; "certainly that is an excellent topic; and here before me is an abundant apparatus for its illustration."

As I mingled with the crowd, each face I met seemed at once to tell me what cosmetic had bestowed upon it its attractive or its repulsive attri-

butes. There was Calista, moving about with the listless gait that long since superseded the floating ease of motion that made her youthful step almost musical. As her indolent eye wandered among that company, there was no expression of sympathy; but, instead, a cold scorn, such as those who have outlived all that child-like freshness and simplicity of taste feel toward those who enjoy, without stopping to criticise that which gives them pleasure. Her lip that once curved in a line of perfect beauty, has so often been made to express the discontent within, that it has gradually become fixed into an ungracious curl, and the former charm is gone forever.

In her youth no girl in our village possessed so many advantages as Calista; for in addition to rare beauty and grace of person, every opportunity of cultivation was within her reach, and nature had endowed her with excellent mental capacity, and the power of ready and agreeable conversation. She had not, however, the good sense, or good feeling, to use her possessions wisely; and valued them far more because she thought they placed her above her companions, than because they afforded enjoyment to herself, or gave her the power of increasing the happiness of those around her. All she desired of society was homage; and she thought herself entitled to receive it without giving any thing in return.

Selfish, proud, and cold in her intercourse with others, she yet expected the utmost courtesy and deference from all her companions. They, naturally, grew year by year more weary of her pretension, while she as steadily became disgusted with what she termed their want of appreciation, gradually withdrew herself from them, and in the midst of a neighborhood of kind and agreeable people came to live more and more the life of a recluse, until, at length, she seems to look even upon air and sunshine as enemies, and is almost never seen in the highways or the by-ways of the

village. When some unusual occurrence induces her to come forth from her hiding-place, those who knew her youthful face look upon her sorrowfully, remembering the former beauty; while the stranger inquires, "Whence this air of haughty pretension and scornful discontent?"

Ah, Calista! had you understood the true theory of beauty, had you known that the soul is perpetually painting its moods and passions on the countenance, and making the face every day more and more like itself, methinks you would have been a little more careful in your selection of spiritual cosmetics.

As I turned from Calista, my eye fell upon a pretty trifle, the village butterfly, her face full of self-consciousness, and her dress an illustration of the newest fashion. This fair lassie is one of those who make dress a science, and can discourse learnedly of every addendum of female loveliness, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. The last time I met her, she talked of the relative merits of a circular and an oval rosette for the slipper, at least half an hour, and proved to her own entire satisfaction that no one could be esteemed other than vulgar who wore any thing but an oval rosette, an inch and a half in length, and — the breadth — I am sorry, but I have forgotten it. She certainly understands the art of dressing her own pretty person to the best advantage, and she deserves her success, which is evidently the result of a mental concentrativeness similar to that of the dandy, who explained the superlative grace of his cravat tie to an inquisitive friend by assuring him that he put his whole mind into it.

At the first glance, you would call this lady exceedingly pretty; but after listening half an hour to her silly chatter, you would henceforth remember her countenance as a symbol of all that is vapid and wearisome. Her features always wear the same expression, no matter what may be going on

around her, and that is untiring self-complacency. Vanity has ruled every thought and feeling, until it has fixed its seal upon every feature, and the eye ever looks forth with a glance of inquiry, that says as plainly as words could speak, "Who is admiring me now?" Such an expression is forgiven for a few moments, and the eye dwells on the pretty outline and brilliant complexion with pleasure, unconsciously expecting that presently a change will pass over the features, and a new expression exhibit itself; but the change comes not, and, wearied waiting, the eye soon turns to seek something more satisfying elsewhere.

The face that presented itself to my observation was that of Grace Morgan, a young damsel of romantic disposition, whose floating ringlets of true poet's gold, and hazel eyes of softest hue go far toward making her very charming to look upon; but — alas for these *buts!* — they are almost counterbalanced by a curious combination of indolence and disappointment in her expression. She looks as if she thought the world had not been quite just to her; and besides this, her beautiful hair is never neatly dressed, and there is a want of nicety about her whole costume that spoils an air of picturesqueness that seems natural to her.

An indolent temperament has inclined her to lead a life without any wise aim, and an imaginative disposition has induced an excessive love of novel reading. She has long been watching for an especial hero to whom she may resign the keeping of her heart, but thus far, I grieve to say, he comes not. When she finds "the man," it is to be hoped that she will take a little more pains with her costume, and indulge herself a little oftener with clean muslins. And I dare say she will, for she is amiable and affectionate, and I doubt not would make a devoted wife.

I have always fancied her name has done her a mischief. Had she been called by some one of the hard Jewish

appellatives with which our Puritan ancestors were so fond of endowing their daughters, it might have gone far toward counteracting her spirit of romance. A prescience of some romantic fate in store for her must have thrilled an imagination like hers every time she signed her name Grace Morgan, from her first copy-book to the present hour.

Turning away from pretty Grace Morgan, I was greeted by Alice Stanley, whose face beamed upon me like a bright June morning, while the happy tones of her voice, even more than the words she spoke, expressed the childlike enjoyment with which she entered into the pleasure of those around her. It is rare to find a woman more entirely charming. Her eye sparkles with intelligence, and her mouth is expressive of every gentle affection, while her confiding manner at once inspires the confidence of all she meets. Yet Alice Stanley has not a handsome feature, and her face is so lovely, simply because it is a transparent veil through which every Christian grace is shining. She is beautiful because she is good, and her beauty can not fade, because she is growing better every day. Had she been jealous, or discontented, or envious, she would have been positively homely; but having the opposite virtues, of confidence in others, contentment, and disinterestedness, she wins the world into full faith that she is beautiful.

As I looked into the radiant face of Alice, I thought the advertisements may say what they will of the efficacy of Amandine, Tricopherous, or Balm of a Thousand Flowers; intelligence and goodness are the true cosmetics, and the shortest way to become beautiful is to cultivate a beautiful soul. My eye followed her as she glided from me, and greeted other of her acquaintances. Every one looked happier for seeing her. Her sphere of kindness seemed to make every one kindly whom she met. The little girl in the fairy tale, who dropped pearls and diamonds from her lips as often as

she spoke, symbolized women like Alice Stanley. She long ago found "the pearl of great price," and the soft glow of its beauty radiates perpetually from her countenance.

The mass of mankind do not stop to analyze their feelings, and ask why one person attracts and another repels them; but they are attracted and repelled quite as strongly as, and probably more so, than those who stop to demand a reason for what they feel. The few who criticise, may perhaps prove with ease that Alice is not beautiful according to any rule of art; but the many who feel, will believe that she is beautiful, in spite of the critics; and the critics, in their happier moments, when they forget their rules of art, will be moved to admiration in spite of themselves.

The lengthened shadows of the elm-trees were fast disappearing in the greater shade of twilight, and the sound of parting salutations admonished me that I was rapidly losing the apparatus for illustrating my facial theories; so, following the crowd, I bent my steps homeward. The train of thought into which I had fallen remained with me after I reached the quiet of my own chamber. Memory ran backward to the time when I took my first lesson in writing joining-hand of a woman so ugly that her face was a constant distress to me. She one day aroused the first satirical emotion I ever remember to have experienced, by writing as a copy for me, in a hand so large that three words reached quite across the page, "BEAUTY SOON FADES." "You never could have learned that by your own experience I am sure," said the demon in my little heart, as she turned the final s, and then slid the book along the desk under my hand, with what I fancied an expression of triumph sharpening the usual sourness of her countenance. She taught me but a few weeks, and her name, and all the other copies she set me, have long since passed from my recollection; the old school-house where she taught, and where I

imbibed the elemental mysteries of human science during the five summers of my second lustrum, has long since been destroyed, and replaced by a smarter and more modern structure; but that woman's face, and that one copy, stand now as firmly fixed before my memory's eye, as the grand old hills of Massachusetts, amid which that little temple of science was placed, stand upon their foundation.

I can not recall the time when beauty did not excite an emotion of reverence in my soul, or when I had not an intuitive perception that there must be something wrong about a person who was irredeemably ugly. I used to pity all the little children who had uncomely mothers, and often wondered if it were possible that they could love them as well as I loved my mother; little weening that maternal tenderness makes every mother beautiful in the eyes of her little children. Fortunately I was rather a silent child, and felt the subject too deeply to venture upon satisfying my curiosity by direct inquiry. I had not then learned to understand the power of beauty of expression, and when I found that one of the mothers in our neighborhood, whom I thought most repulsive in feature, was very good and kind, I felt as though there was injustice in her having such a very unattractive face. As my observation widened, my delight was great when the harmony between character and expression discovered itself to my seeking eyes; when I found that the discords were only apparent, but the harmonies real. My sense of justice comforted itself greatly in the conviction which gradually grew upon me, that while the beauty that is scornfully said to be "only skin deep" soon fades, "the handsome is that handsome does" grows handsomer perpetually. When I read the poet's question,

"What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?"

I answered, that peace of mind and harmony within make the face bloom

with a beauty that time can not touch, a beauty more enthralling than the most cunning mixture of red and white can bestow.

The love of beauty is inherent in human nature. Ever the woman desires to be beautiful to charm the man, and ever the man desires to possess beauty in the person of the woman. Strength and courage belong of right to man the protector; beauty and delicacy, to woman the consoler. Man sometimes desires to be beautiful, but this implies something unmanly in his character; just as the want of this desire implies the want of a truly feminine nature in woman.

Believing only in external beauty, the savage tattoos the skin and paints it with glaring colors; the barbarian dyes the teeth, the eyelids, and the nails; and the empty-headed woman of fashion, in what is by courtesy called civilized society, covers her skin with an imitation of the hues of health, while leading a life that renders health impossible. These mechanical efforts after beauty are left off just in proportion as society becomes intelligent. When civilization and cultivation create the higher kinds of beauty, the lower lose their value and cease to be sought after. Everybody now smiles at the cosmetics of the daughters of the good Vicar of Wakefield; but the receipt-books of our grandmothers are still extant, and testify that in their day such things were looked upon as matters of course.

The sale of patented cosmetics is large, even in our most intelligent communities; for intelligence has as yet penetrated but little way into the mass, even in our best communities. The dealers in these articles relate one fact worthy of notice incident to the trade. No lady ever purchases for herself, but asks for the article she wishes with an apologetic assertion that she is buying it for a friend; and it would seem to prove some advance in public sentiment, if women are ashamed to have it known they make use of these absurdities.

It is generally asserted by those of our countrymen who cross the Atlantic, that the women of America are the most beautiful in the world; and without stopping to see whether this be true or no, it were easy to demonstrate that it must be so. Here, more than in any other country in the world, woman holds a truly feminine place, while man takes upon himself to perform the rougher duties of life, protecting the woman from all that might make her masculine. In the Old World, so many able-bodied men in the prime of life, are taken from the ranks of the laborer to fill those of the army, that woman is forced out of her sphere, and must, of necessity, perform many of the duties proper to the man.

Although this is true only of particular classes, it lowers the standard of all women, because men can not be in the daily habit of seeing multitudes of women degraded — and by degraded is here meant unfeminine — without blunting their faith in the truly feminine nature of all women. Society becomes confused in its ideas of the two sexes; men become effeminate, and women become masculine; men lose their strength and courage, and women lose their beauty and delicacy.

In a social state favored as our own, it may be doubted if a woman is excusable for being entirely destitute of beauty. "Handsome is that handsome does" has a more literal significance than is apt to be assigned to it. The commonly received interpretation of this saying is that, if one behaves well, personal appearance is of no consequence; but the truth is, that behaving well makes one look handsome.

A set of well-formed and regularly-proportioned features, with a skin duly divided between red and white, may be considered a positive recipe for forming a physically beautiful face; yet there are many such faces that no one dreams of calling beautiful because they are spoiled by some ugly expression. The combination in the

soul of purity, sincerity, benevolence, and other Christian traits, is just as positive a recipe for forming the face into moral beauty; and though ugly features may obscure this beauty to the eye of a stranger, it is sure in the end to triumph over all such physical hindrances; and its power is the greater because no one resists it; whereas physical beauty, unaccompanied by moral excellence, excites a feeling of resistance in the mind as soon as it is found out.

Nothing is more common than to hear it remarked of celebrated beauties, that one does not see how beautiful they are on first meeting them; and this is precisely because it is not until their affections and emotions are roused by conversation, that their souls look out through their features. Just as a lamp must be lighted before the beauty of a transparent shade can become manifest.

There is an old proverb which tells us, "Every eye makes its own beauty;" and there is certainly no point of fact about which opinion is more various than about beauty; and this shows that its existence is not so much positive as it is relative. When the heart finds a soul that awakens its love, the eye soon learns to perceive the expression of that soul in its features; and by thus making them the type of what is beautiful, they soon grow to seem beautiful in themselves.

Indolence makes us love to believe that most, if not all the accomplishments and graces that attract the admiration of society, are the result of natural gifts, and are to be attained only by a few favored individuals, who have been richly endowed by nature. The truth is that, excepting in cases of absolute genius — than which nothing is more rare, these accomplishments and graces are the result of persevering and laborious industry, and a determined will, far more than of any original gift of nature. Even beauty should be classed among the attainable accomplishments quite as rightfully as among natural endowments;

for it is oftener the result of harmonious training of mind and body, than the free gift of nature. A woman entirely destitute of personal attraction should be looked upon, not as one to whom nature has been a niggard, but as one who has been unfaithful in developing the better capacities of the soul.

Women who clamor for their rights seem to be unaware that it is the peculiar prerogative of their sex to be beautiful, and that in holding fast to this prerogative lies the secret of their greatest power. It is not by making themselves mannish — manly they can never be — but by being truly feminine that they are most strong, most able to attain to their true and highest position in society. It was not the storm, but the sunshine that overcame the traveler in the fable; and it is not by a stormy vindication of her rights, but by a sunshiny performance of her duties, that woman attains her highest power. Not frowns, but smiles, are the weapons of the true woman. When she attempts to become powerful by imitating man, it is only womanish men who admire her, or yield to her assumption.

SPRING.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

Ay! Spring is here. Her fairy palm hath touched
The snow-robed hills, and changed their stainless garb
For one of emerald hue. Her hand hath lain
Lightly upon the crystal chain that bound
The rivulet's dancing waters, and they leap
In the sweet sunshine, and glide musically
Toward the rejoicing river, whose proud breast
Heaves in its mighty rushing toward the sea.
The fleecy flocks are on the mountain side,
The herds are in the sunny vale below,
And in the budding trees, the singing birds
Are pouring forth their richest melody.
Soon shall the meadow glow with pure young flowers,
Whose holy incense will arise to God,
Through the baptismal dew, his hand hath poured
Into their lifted chalices. The aisles

Of yonder forest, strewn with autumn leaves,
And open to the sky, shall be o'erarched
With a most graceful network, where the breeze

Shall play as on a magic lyre, and bring
From its still home the very spirit-tones
Of Nature's melody. The airy sprites
Are curiously skilled in that sweet art.
And Spring is but the fair ambassadress,
The gentle herald of a noble queen —
The royal-hearted Summer. When her eye
Glances upon the bowers, they robe themselves

In their most courtly raiment. I can see
How the old oaks which crown yon rugged steep,

Will be a mass of dense dark foliage;
The maples, standing by the portico,
Will throw their longest shadows on the lawn;

The swaying shrubs in my poor rosary
Will wear a gorgeous robe, when sunny June —

That "month of roses," shall have passed
this way,

And left her beauty with us. So we greet
The maiden, Spring, most lovingly, yet look
Eagerly for the regal sovereign whom
She gracefully announces.

BUFFALO, April, 1857.

MOTHER, TO THEE I TURN.

BY C. D. STUART.

MOTHER, to thee I turn

When I grow weary of my heavy load;
Thou art the solace of my saddened hours,
The joyous sunshine, and the golden flowers
That cheer life's dusty road.

Mother, to thee I turn —

Thou wert the guardian of my helpless years;
Smiled ere I knew of sorrow or of guile,
And still dost give me that undying smile,
Brighter, though set in tears.

Mother, to thee I turn

Since others leave me in the hour of ill,
For thou, dear angel, with thy radiant wing,
Sweet semblance of my life's departed spring,
Dost hover near me still.

Mother, to thee I turn —

My balm yet lingers in thy tranquil eyes,
Thy voice is music — and the heart's low wail
Hears it, and thinks thou art an angel pale,
And life a Paradise.

Mother, to thee I turn —

My heart grows weary, and my pulse decays;
But oh! if mingled in life's stormy tide,
I can but toil, then slumber at thy side,
Mine will be happy days!

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE new license law passed by the Legislature of this State, provides for three Commissioners of Excise for each county, who shall have power to license keepers of inns, hotels and taverns, and also to license storekeepers to sell strong and spirituous liquors or wines, in quantities less than five gallons, not to be drank on the premises. License fee thirty dollars to one hundred dollars in towns; fifty dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars in cities. Licenses can only be granted on the petition of twenty respectable freeholders residing in the election district, duly signed and verified by the oath of a subscribing witness, nor then unless it be necessary and proper. The country innkeeper shall keep three spare beds, stabling and provender of hay or pasturage, and grain for four horses or other cattle, besides his own stock; and city tavern keepers shall keep six spare beds and bedding, shall put up a tavern sign, and can not recover debts for liquors sold, except to lodgers.

KANSAS.—The Hon. Robert J. Walker has published a letter to the President, accepting the governorship of Kansas, and avows his intention to adopt stringent measures for the restoration of peace to the distracted region. Mr. Walker declares that the will of the majority of the people shall decide the question of the constitution of the government, and that no outside influence will be permitted to influence their action. It is understood that the new Governor is invested by the President with extraordinary powers, in order that an end may be put to the troubles that have harassed the Territory. Immigration is great, and the towns are rapidly growing.

NEW GRANADA.—The government of New Granada have declined to entertain the proposal made to them on behalf of the United States by Mr. Morse. He proposed to establish free cities at Panama and Aspinwall, like San Juan; to purchase a strip of territory twenty miles wide along the railroad, dividing its jurisdiction between the two cities; to acquire three islands adjacent to Panama, now the property of railroad and steamboat companies, and Taboga, nine miles distant, belonging to individuals; to have transferred from New Granada all the rights and advantages connected with the railroad grant and charters with other companies for \$2,000,000, from which the claims arising from the Panama riots were to be deducted. The nominal sovereignty of the Territory was to reside in New Granada, but the practical jurisdiction to be conferred upon the United States and the free cities. Should no compromise be effected, it may

devolve upon the President to lay the matter before Congress for settlement.

NICARAUGUA.—The accounts brought by the *Tennessee* give reason to suppose that the career of Walker is nearly run. There can be little doubt that it is ended on this side of the isthmus, and, cut off from communication with the Atlantic ports, it is difficult to see how it is to sustain itself any longer on the Pacific side. The fact that when Walker was last heard from his situation was nearly desperate, and that there is no recent intelligence from him, is ominous.

IN Newfoundland, the people are greatly scandalized by the fishery treaty just concluded between England and France, giving the latter the exclusive right to fish and use the strand for fishery purposes, on the east coast of Newfoundland, as well as the five and only valuable fishing harbors on the west coast.

CALIFORNIA.—The last news from this State indicates that the gold yield is uniform, but the financial troubles are very great. The State Treasurer has defaulted to a large amount.

NEBRASKA.—Immigration is setting strongly toward this Territory, and the emigrants already settled return gratifying accounts of their progress.

COL. SUMNER has been ordered by Government to march to Iowa with one thousand men, and there punish the Indians for their recent outrages. He will then proceed to the Mormon settlements and bring those outlaws into subjection to the laws of the United States.

IN Canada, the Parliament has voted to refer the vexed question of the location of the seat of government to the decision of her Majesty.

MAPLE Sugar is becoming one of the established products of the eastern states. It will soon rival the corn crop, if it does not already do that. There were about thirty-five millions pounds of maple sugar made in the United States in 1850, according to the census. This year it is estimated the crop will exceed seventy millions of pounds, which at ten cents per pound will be seven millions of dollars! This crop, as southern sugars grow expensive, will become really one of the great staples of the free states.

CAPT. JOHN ALLINE, aged seventy-eight years—a hero of the last war with Great Britain, to whom the citizens of Boston many years ago presented a valuable sword for services therein—was married on the 19th of March in Harrington, Maine, to Miss Joanna Strout, aged 73 years. Capt. Alline resides in Brookline, Maine.

On the sixth of February, William Godfrey, of Pee Dee, S. C., received a letter which was mailed to him on the 18th of January, 1838, at Clio, a post-office in Marlboro' district, about twenty miles from the former place. The letter had been nineteen years and eighteen days on its route, and contained a \$20 bill on the Merchants' Bank at Pee Dee, with a request to return the amount in United States Bank bills.

COMPLAINTS are made of the non-arrival of orders for silk from the United States. The New York merchants decline to purchase silk goods at the present high price, which is thirty to forty per cent. higher than that of last year. There is likewise a large quantity of British silks in New York which can be sold at lower prices than the French, and with which the Lyons manufacture can not compete.

MRS. JAMES K. POLK has presented to the Tennessee Historical Society a set of curiosities which have been in her possession for some time. Among them are a blue pitcher, used in the Indian Council at Hopewell in 1785, originally the property of Oken-shautah, the King of the Cherokees; an Indian pipe presented to President Polk by the head chief of the Winnebagoes, and a piece of oak from the old frigate Constitution.

THE *Evening Post* commiserates the ladies upon the fact that the war in China will prevent the manufacture and exportation of crape shawls, which are made near Canton. For a few years past 300,000 per annum have been imported. But the war prevailing at Canton will put a stop to this trade.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE most interesting foreign topic is the parliamentary election. The English papers are much occupied in classifying the result, and attempting to estimate beforehand what will be the tendency of the new Parliament. The elections absorbed public attention in England. Nearly all the contests in the borough were brought to a close on March 28th, and the result proved disastrous to the Conservatives. Cobden, Bright, Milnor, Gibson, Miall, Layard, Fox, Cardwell, and many other opponents of Lord Palmerston's administration have been defeated. The government has achieved a complete triumph.

CHINA.—The Chinese papers give details of the arrest and interrogatories of the Chinese baker, who was executed for poisoning bread at Hong Kong. He stated that he acted agreeably to the orders of the Viceroy. The orders informed Allums, the baker, that the English having declared war, it was his duty to assist in their destruction; that the soldiers had used fire and sword to fight them, and he was to use poison. If he dis-

obeyed these orders, his family at Canton would be thrown into prison, and his property confiscated.

THE news from China reported that affairs remained unchanged. Admiral Seymour having withdrawn his forces from the forts, and directed his attention to keeping open the mouths of the river, until instructions and reinforcements should arrive from England. It is decided that France shall send a land and sea force to the China station. The Emperor of China has ordered that hostilities against the British shall be confined to Canton. Governor Yeh seems favorable to American interests, and has had some communications with Minister Parker.

IN Spain preparations for an expedition against Mexico continued, but the final opinion of the Government had not transpired. It is thought probable that the operations will be limited to a blockade and bombardment of Vera Cruz, and will not extend to the landing of a military force, which the dangers of the country and the climate might render hazardous. The *Espana*, the Government organ, demands that France and England shall call on the United States to remain neutral.

THE Earl of Elgin has accepted the office of Plenipotentiary to the Court of Peking, and will proceed on his arduous mission as soon as he has been made sufficiently acquainted with the views of her Majesty's Government. It would not be easy to name a more unexceptionable man for the office, or even one with so many positive recommendations.

THE Sultan of Turkey being about to give away his daughter to the son of the Egyptian Viceroy, has ordered jewelry for her to the amount of £100,000. Even her slippers are to be set in diamonds, and the setting of her fan and mirror are valued at £20,000.

THE *Post's* Paris correspondent states that an exchange of notes had taken place on the Chinese difficulties between England and France, and that the best understanding existed with reference to the point of operations.

THE Austrian Ambassador at Paris has been ordered by the government of Vienna to leave that capital immediately. The Sardinian government had replied by recalling its embassy at Vienna.

SEVERAL Roman political prisoners made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Castle of Palliano on the 14th of March. Four were killed and five wounded. A soldier and a keeper were wounded also.

FROM Turkey we learn that the Sultan has presented to France the Church of the Nativity, also the Palace of Knights of St. John, at Jerusalem.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE SEE.

WE are apt to think that if nature has bestowed upon us the gift of good eyesight, it is all that is necessary to enable us to see properly. But there are probably few of us who would not find upon close examination that our visual organs had, in some way or other, become sadly distorted. There is many a naturally good pair of eyes which, when turned in certain directions, can see with wonderful clearness every object in their line of vision, while if they should happen to look in an opposite direction, they would be affected with almost total blindness. These persons are often wholly unaware of this infirmity of their vision, but it is none the less a misfortune to them on that account.

Many a mother's eyesight becomes so limited by the constant contemplation of the cares and perplexities of her domestic life, that she can see nothing beyond. She becomes near-sighted from habit, and can see nothing but the dark objects which she raises to the false focus of vision she has acquired. And thus, from looking at the obstacles in her way, she loses the power of appreciating the gems that would be revealed by a careful and cheerful removal of these obstacles; and, blinded in her weary toil, she deprives herself wholly of its reward. Occupied with making clean the outside of the platter, she forgets the food for enjoyment which was prepared for her within, and lets it spoil for want of appropriation at the proper time, until it becomes a noisome thing in her house. Thus her eye grows dim, her heart heavy from looking only at the rocks and brambles in the picture of domestic care, while on the other side of her the glorious picture of domestic enjoyment spreads its beauties vainly to an eye that is stone blind.

Some persons can see nothing except upon the line of vision where their own personal interests seem to lie; while the objects that are placed about them in any other direction are seen either with a very distorted vision or not at all. Such a man always takes the best seat that can be found, how-

ever many of the invalid or aged there may be about him; selects the finest apple or orange from the dish; helps himself first at table, and to the best morsels; brushes every other umbrella off from the side-walk in making way for his own; shakes the rain-drops from his coat upon his neighbor's clothing; rubs his hands over every good bargain, however much the victim of his shrewdness may be a sufferer thereby; and always knows that the line of his own property extends a foot and a half beyond the point assigned to it by his neighbor and the surveyor. If he happens to have been trained among well-bred people, he puts on the mask of civility in order that he may acquire the name of a gentleman with those among whom he chooses to wear it, while, the moment he is out of their sight he throws off the mask, and takes revenge upon every thing about him for the restraint he had imposed upon himself in order to acquire this title. Yet he thinks most positively that he is a gentleman, because, for the time, he has seemed to be one. If this person holds a high rank, and has others under his authority, this infirmity of his vision falls in the most oppressive and tyrannical way upon those who have the misfortune to be placed under him. But, if he holds a lower position, and is under the authority of others, his partial blindness is a constant writhing torture to himself. No one ever treated him justly—he has been deprived of his rights and privileges during his whole life, and is ready to commit suicide, because the world in general, and Providence in particular, have so trampled upon his merits and deserts. If he ever gets up in the world, as he intends to do, he will have his revenge for this injustice.

There is perhaps no form which the infirm vision of which we speak, can take, that is so great an evil, or so hard to cure as this. The person thus afflicted may be very affable in society, because the benefits of a reputation for this chances to lie within his range of vision, but in business and at home he is the most unendurable of tyrants.

Some people are dyspeptics, or are troubled with various forms of disease, and their eyes become so turned inwardly, in the gloomy contemplation of their diseased organs, that they are wholly unconscious of any more agreeable objects which may be presented to their vision. They do not see that the sun shines, because they must see whether their blood flows properly or not. They can not see that the air of heaven is pure and fresh, and healing, because they must ascertain whether they do not grow more weak, and frail, and ailing every day. And thus their blindness deprives them of the best medicine they could obtain, and constantly accelerates their disease.

With others business will often in the same way absorb the whole capacity of vision. The sunrise or the sunset may paint their golden landscape on the sky three hundred and sixty-five times a year through all their three score years and ten, and yet they never see it; never recognize the finger of God that traces his wondrous glory on the heavens, or see the fair flowers as they burst out to the sunlight, with their lesson of His love. They may pass them and repass them, but they do not see them. More blind than Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth said that

"The primrose on the water's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more,"

they do not even see the yellow primrose. Their eyes may rest upon it, but they are blinded to such objects, and it conveys no image to the mind. And so, seeing only the worry and toil of their world's work they lose the world's beauties, which should form a large proportion of that daily toil's reward.

One person, whether in the street, or at church, or in society, sees nothing but the clothing in which those around are attired; or, perhaps, the finery that is displayed in the shop windows. She sees and recognizes the pattern of every piece of silk and embroidery, scans the shape, and even reads the prices of all the furs and fringes that pass before her, almost as clearly as if they were written upon the articles themselves; but she never looks into the faces of the wearers to see if they are cheerful or weary;

to ascertain whether the sum of life is being properly wrought out by them in the daily problems they have to solve. Indeed, she has an impression that the whole sum of life consists in the unlimited possession of these fine things she sees about her. If she is in a church or lecture-room, her infirmity extends to her ears, and she is deaf as well as blind. This is another very unfortunate form of optical disease.

Some people's eyes seem to have resolved themselves into multiplying glasses, in which they see nothing but themselves, a thousand times repeated. Such persons are usually very well pleased with the contemplation of their own face and figure—probably because they have nothing else with which they can compare it.

But these visional infirmities take an endless variety of forms. There are few who are not affected with them in a greater or less degree. The harm they do is not so much in what we see as in what we fail to see. And the evil does not end with the loss of equipoise in our organs of sight; we also lose thereby that balance of character which we were intended to possess.

If we wish for an optician to heal our diseased eyesight, we must look for him in the mind itself. It is only by turning the currents of thought into their appropriate channels, and allowing them to water the whole garden of the mind instead of some specially favored spot, that we can hope to bring back the proper poise to our vision. There are some things which it is necessary for us to examine more closely than others, but this need not render us blind to other objects. There is no harm in looking scrutinizingly in one direction if we do not thereby lose the sight of some other object which we ought to see. But a perfect eyesight takes in all objects with equal clearness and precision; and a thoroughly healthful mind will receive its proper impression from every object which is thus imaged upon the retina.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. C.—The first volume of *THE HOME* has been sent. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

O. A. C.—We do not remember to have

seen your specimens. We can by no means undertake to answer all the letters we receive. If we did we should have very little time for any thing else, and we have the charity to think that those who demand it of us so freely do not know at all what they ask. Some of our correspondents, however, are more careful of intruding upon our time than we could wish, and these are sure to be the ones from whom we should wish to hear most.

RECIPES.

COFFEE AS A DEODORIZER.—Fresh ground coffee is strongly recommended as a deodorizer and purifier in sick rooms, and is also an excellent preservative of game to be sent to a distance. Clean the game, cover the wounded parts with blotting paper, and sprinkle fresh ground coffee over and among the feathers or fur, as the case may be, and the game will keep good in any weather.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.—To smoke the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone with plenty of the purest salt, and about half an ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork. As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine let it drain a little. Then take black pepper, finely ground, and dust on the hock end as much as will stick, then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place. If all this is done as it should be—it ought to be done now—you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in the spring, your bacon is well cured on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it. Curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said, "Put in the sugar, then fill it up with whiskey, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon, after following the directions given above, every "drop of smoke you put about it spoils the bacon."

PROTECTING DRIED FRUIT FROM WORMS.—Place it in a tin steamer, and set it over a kettle of boiling water; then cover it closely

with several folds of flannel or cotton, to prevent the escape of steam. It should remain until thoroughly heated, when it can be put into cotton or linen bags, tied up tightly, and hung in a cool place. Twice in the season, say in May and July, is sufficient. This method is warranted to be effectual. Another way is, to set the fruit in a moderately heated oven, until it is thoroughly hot. Care must be taken or it will be scorched.

HOW TO COOK SALT PORK.—"For the benefit of those who, like ourselves, are obliged to use considerable salt pork, the following method is recommended, by which it is very much improved, especially for frying. Cut as many slices as may be needed, if for breakfast, the night previous, and soak till morning in a quart or two of milk and water, about one-third milk—*skimmed* milk, if not too near souring, is best; rinse till the water is clear, and then fry. It is nearly or quite as nice as fresh pork, both the fat and the lean parts."

CAMPBOR A REMEDY FOR MICE.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with their seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing injury there. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it. He will seek food elsewhere.

THE HORSE CHESTNUT.—The following is perhaps little known, but may be relied on. It affords a valuable permanent dye for muslin, cotton, etc., varying from a sort of buff to dull nankeen, according to the degree of ripeness of the fruit. When about the size of a gooseberry, cut the whole fruit into quarters, and steep it in soft water, with just enough soap to tinge it; when deep enough for use, pour off the clear water. In all cases, the water must be cold; if boiled, the dye is of a more dingy color. The color from the whole fruit is buff, not unlike that of annatto. The husks only, when the fruit is nearly or quite ripe—not cut, but broken up and steeped in cold soft water, with a tinge of soap as above, yield a dye which will be more or less bright according to the degree of ripeness of the husk. If cut, the knife stains the husks, and the color is less good.